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## *Died.*

VILLARD.—On Monday, November 12, 1900, at Dobbs Ferry, N. Y., of apoplexy, Henry Villard, in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

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# The Nation.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER* 15, 1900.

## The Week.

There never was a national election the results of which were made so clear within twenty-four hours after the polls closed as that of November 6. The only States in the Union regarding which any doubt was then left were Idaho and Nebraska, and the estimates of majorities everywhere are but slightly changed by fuller returns. These simply emphasize the overwhelming rebuke to Bryanism which was administered by the Middle West and the States beyond the Pacific; the most extraordinary changes from 1896 being the reduction of Bryan's majorities in the mining State of Colorado from nearly 135,000 to about 40,000, and in Idaho from about 17,000 to an almost even division, and in Utah 4,000 for McKinley now, instead of more than 51,000 against him four years ago. The only thing needed to cap the climax was Bryan's loss of his own State, and this, too, has come to pass. No verdict of the people was ever so emphatic. Scott in 1852 and Greeley in 1872 received a smaller proportion of the electoral votes than Bryan, but in neither of those cases was there anything like such overwhelming popular majorities against the defeated candidate.

---

Bryan takes his defeat as well as could be expected from one who was stunned by the result. He says that the election was a surprise to him, and he does not deny that the widespread increase in the popular vote for McKinley reflects public sentiment, although he could not resist the temptation to intimate that the Republicans profited by the colonization of voters, by the purchase of votes, and by getting tickets or passes for their voters who were away from home. He thinks that the prosperity argument was probably the most potent one used by the Republicans, and that the appeal to "stand by the President while the war is on" had a great deal of influence. He says that what he calls "the contest between plutocracy and Democracy" will go on, and that he will always take an active interest in politics, but he appears to appreciate the fact that his party is done with a national leader who has twice involved it in overwhelming defeat. It is fortunate that he does not want to go to the United States Senate, for the latest returns indicate that the Republicans have secured the Nebraska Legislature. The people like to see a beaten candidate accept the popular verdict uncomplainingly, and Bryan shows good sense in the attitude which he has now assumed.

---

Congressman McCall of Massachusetts received at the polls last week a tremendous vindication of his independence. He was the leader in the Republican revolt against the Porto Rican tariff policy which was favored by the McKinley Administration last winter, and made a powerful argument against its injustice in a minority report from the Ways and Means Committee. He followed this up on the floor of the House by a vigorous speech against the bill favored by the majority of his colleagues, and later in the session he spoke and voted, almost alone on the Republican side, against the absurd Constitutional amendment regarding Trusts, which was pushed through as a party measure. He went home to find that his Republican constituents were glad to renominate him, and at the election he ran 3,300 votes ahead of McKinley in his district.

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It was to be expected that the Quay machine in Pennsylvania would employ all the usual means of coercion to effect the return of its head to the United States Senate. In resorting to blackmail within the organization, however, it has gone a step too far. It was Representative-elect Samuel M. Ray of Philadelphia who was to be "lined up" for the Senatorial caucus. When he refused to pledge himself in advance, two of his leaders hinted at election frauds in his district, for which he would be made answerable, and intimated that a prosecution could be avoided only by a signing of the pledge to attend the caucus and abide by its decision. Mr. Ray was new in politics, and inexperienced in blackmail charges. In a moment of natural weakness he paid the price required for "protection" from his own chiefs. On sober second thought, he published a letter to the effect that the pledge extorted from him by threats had been signed only as a matter of temporary convenience; that he was ready to meet all accusers, and indifferent to the trumped-up charge of election fraud; finally, that he would under no circumstances vote for Quay during the present session of the Legislature. The Allied Organizations for Good Government will follow up the case, and fine and imprisonment already hang over two of Quay's lieutenants.

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Sixty-four thousand shares of Pacific Mail Steamship Company were bought on the Stock Exchange last week, and the price advanced from 43 to 57, fourteen points, which is equal to 28 per cent. At first this advance was ascribed to some expected change of management, but later it was attributed to the expectation of the early passage of the Steamship Subsidy Bill. The Republican managers did not dare to press this bill to a vote before the election. There were two reasons for this hesitancy. They were not quite sure that they would have votes enough to pass it, and if they did pass it they were not quite sure that they would have enough votes to reëlect Mr. McKinley. So they wisely laid the bill aside till after the election. They will take it up, of course, during the coming short session, but it is extremely doubtful if they can pass it in the three months that remain to the present Congress. It is doubtful whether they can command a sufficient number of votes in the House. It is possible for the Democrats in the Senate to "talk it to death" in the intervals between the passage of the appropriation bills. The bill has had no discussion in Congress yet. Its only consideration has been in committees. The bill may form the subject of a very attractive gamble, but it will not become a law this winter, or at any other time, without a very stout resistance.

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The programme of the Merchants' Association for municipal reform, and the tone in which it is announced, give promise of an effective organization to carry out the wishes of all decent people, and to rescue the city from the dreadful fate that befell it when Tammany Hall regained control over it. Simultaneously with the appearance of this publication, and as though he knew it was coming, Mr. Thomas C. Platt puts forth in an interview his plan for keeping Tammany Hall in power. So he begins by saying that the nomination of Coler cannot be thought of. He must be ruled out anyhow. "What I want," he continues, "and what I presume every citizen of New York wants, is a man to be named who can unite all the forces opposed to Tammany Hall and win. But Coler, as I have said, is out of the question." A queer way to unite all the forces opposed to Tammany Hall, by ruling out at the beginning the man who saved the city from the clutches of the Ramapo Company, and who arraigned the chief of Tammany Hall before the city and the nation as the man who works in politics for his own pocket all the time. No person, no organization has yet been committed to Mr. Coler as an indispensable candidate. No doubt there are others who could be elected, although none who could divide the Democratic party in twain to the extent that Mr. Coler could. To rule him out at the beginning is the way to set all of his

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friends against any man selected by Platt, and to bring about the same result that followed when Tracy was nominated to defeat Seth Low, and put Croker and his gang in power once more. The reason why "Coler is out of the question," says Platt, is that "he has sinned away his days of grace by going about the State preaching the doctrines of Bryan and Bryanism, and he has, therefore, lost all chance of Republican support. Had he remained quietly at home, instead of following these strange gods, I suppose by the advice of Gov. Hill, he would have been in favor with Republicans. But now it cannot be. I would not vote for him."

"Conspuez Croker" is the only watchword needed at the present stage of our municipal campaign. In exactly what hand is to be placed the sword which is to pierce the dragon, it is premature to discuss. Our St. George will appear in due time. Gen. Greene, Chairman of the Republican County Committee, is quite right in saying that a precipitate choice of candidate, or even a hurried decision as to the form of union for crushing Crokerism, would be foolish, and might easily be fatal. First let us give indignation a chance to swell and strengthen. Let us foster and direct popular and righteous wrath before we endeavor to say just who shall be the instrument of its expression. A single objective steadily pursued is the surest way to bring about union. When the honest citizens of New York get angry enough, and ashamed enough, and alarmed enough, they will find a way to draw Croker's teeth. A good beginning would be to invoke the power of public opinion and social ostracism against every man with any pretensions to respectability who has, and does not openly repudiate, friendly relations with the brutal boss. The touch of his hand ought to be held to carry contagion; to be seen with him should be thought ignominy; to accept favors from him ought to be equivalent to a brand of shame on the forehead. A judge, a lawyer, a banker, a contractor, a head of a corporation, who would, openly or secretly, curry favor with Croker for political or business advantages, should be made to know that he is looked upon by his fellows with an abhorrence that could not be greater if he had poisoned the Croton water, or sown germs of the plague broadcast throughout the city.

Washington dispatches say that Great Britain is to be asked by our Government to suppress the Filipino Junta at Hong Kong—in other words, to do in respect of Aguinaldo and his friends what she refused to do in respect of Mazzini, Ledru-Rollin, and other refugees from the Continent. No doubt they were revolutionary committees, yet when in the early fifties the demand was made for their expulsion, England replied proudly that these men and all others had the right of asylum in British territory, and that so long as they violated no British law, they should not be disturbed. To the charge that they were conspiring against their own Government, it was replied that for any overt act in violation of neutrality they could be indicted and tried, and that British courts were open for this purpose. To assume that a conspiracy existed without an overt act, and to punish it without trial, would be tyranny. Such was in substance the answer sent by the Government of Great Britain, half a century ago, to Louis Napoleon and King Bomba. It can hardly be doubted that the same answer would be sent to us in response to a similar demand, if we should be contemptible enough to make it. What should we have said if Spain had asked us to suppress or expel the Cuban Junta from the United States in 1897, when Mr. Estrada Palma was at the head of it, and was carrying on his campaign of education, through the press and otherwise, here in New York?

In the non-fanciful part of Gen. MacArthur's report, the outstanding features are the tacit acknowledgment that American civil rule in the Philippines is a failure, and that a rigorous military régime must be continued indefinitely. He officially confirms the assertion, so often made in press dispatches, that the natives who apparently accept American sovereignty and take office under American rule, "act secretly in behalf of the insurgents." He does not say, what a responsible newspaper correspondent declares under his own name in the *Independent*, that the government of Manila is offensive to the inhabitants, not only because it is imposed from without, but also because it is reeking with corruption in nearly all its branches. On the strictly military side of the problem, Gen. MacArthur brushes away a vast number of campaign lies by saying tersely, "At present and for many years to come the necessity of a large American military and naval force is too apparent to admit of discussion." Thus we see that the election has come and gone, yet the Philippine misery and shame are with us just as before. We were told that the reelection of McKinley would instantly result in the Filipinos crawling to his feet with halters round their necks. The fact is, according to a Manila dispatch to the paper which was loudest and most abundant in this preëlection prophecy, the news of Republican victory has produced in the Philippines "no visible effect" upon the insurgents. We were to have the army reduced and the volunteers called home. Now all the Washington talk is only of just how much it will be necessary to increase the army and navy in order to reduce the Philippines. A bill of more than $100,000,000 a year is to be presented indefinitely to American taxpayers for these "gems and glories of the tropic seas," as Mr. McKinley called them two years ago. Just now they look, instead, uncommonly like a gold brick.

Mr. Hanna's statement that "there are no Trusts" in the country, has provoked a deal of comment, first and last. In its preliminary report on Trusts and Industrial Combinations, the Industrial Commission appointed by Congress to investigate this question has described the various forms of Trust organization. The original "Trust" was a combination of companies, which placed their stock irrevocably in the hands of trustees who "voted it," the stockholders receiving certificates upon which they drew their dividends. The Standard Oil Trust, the Sugar Trust, and the Whiskey Trust were originally of this sort. A pseudo-Trust organization is formed where, instead of trusteeing stock or buying independent plants outright, one corporation buys a majority of the stock in such companies, and so controls their management. To-day, however, as the report of the Industrial Commission points out, the common form of organization for combinations known as "Trusts" is that of a simple corporation. The development of the Standard Oil Company is typical. The original Trust, under which certificates of stock were issued, dissolved itself back into the original companies, nominally independent, but virtually associated and controlled through the highly concentrated holding of stock. The formation later on of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey reorganized these independent companies into one big corporation. In such cases it is technically true that there is no longer any "Trust." In fact, however, the same industrial problems remain to be solved under the corporate form of organization as under the old-fashioned "Trust."

Lord Salisbury's reference in his Guildhall speech to the internal politics of the United States was one which he felt compelled to apologize for in the act. So the indiscretion stands confessed. He thought it excusable on the ground that he was about to retire from the Foreign Office. But he remains Premier, and as such should not make a public utterance in disparagement of a great political party in another country. It is one thing to offer personal congratulations to Mr. McKinley, as President Loubet of France did, but quite another to say hard things of a political organization with the leaders of which it may hereafter be important for the British Government to be on

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good terms. For the rest, Salisbury's speech was that of a statesman less jubilant over his new lease of power than depressed by the crushing load of responsibility laid upon his shoulders. He was pessimistic about China, pessimistic about South Africa; threw cold water on the question of army reform, though he admitted that the defences of the country must be carefully looked to, and that domestic legislation must take a very subordinate place; and, in general, "thought aloud" in his characteristic way, with the effect of producing gloom and despondency in his hearers. If the British Empire is really "a weary Titan," Lord Salisbury is the very one to be its spokesman.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier's victory, like Lord Salisbury's and President McKinley's, was essentially a triumph for Opportunism. Feeling that party principles were made to win elections, not to embarrass parties in power, the Canadian Liberals have generally appropriated the Conservative policy of paternalism, including a protective tariff, subsidies to railroads and steamship lines, and the providing of terminal facilities at seaports; while so far as loyalty to the Empire is concerned, the English papers feel that Sir Wilfrid is the peer of Sir Charles Tupper, whose professed stock-in-trade was patriotism. The Conservative opposition to Minister Tarte and the over emphasis of anti-French prejudices only served to increase the Liberal representation in Quebec from 51 to 57 out of 65 seats. This was to have been expected, and it is doubtful if the Conservatives gained any votes in English Canada from their exploitation of race feeling. It is more difficult to account for the Conservatives' ignominious defeat in their old stronghold, the Maritime Provinces. One must suppose that the argument from prosperity worked with especial force in this comparatively poor part of the Dominion.

Only the prosperous province of Ontario was deaf to the prosperity argument. There the Conservative campaign had been waged with much energy, not to say bitterness, on the issue of Liberal corruption, and in the election of 53 out of 92 members of Parliament, practically turning the tables on the Liberals, the defeated party should find a crumb of comfort. In the West and Northwest, too, the Conservatives and the Independents gained against the Liberals, though falling far short of the promised clean sweep. What is of especial interest in the election is the redistribution of territory between the parties. They divide now on the Ottawa. To the east is Liberal land; to the west, Conservative. It should be said, finally, that the rout of the Conservatives is even more complete than is indicated by Sir Wilfrid's majority of something more than 50 out of 213 seats; for the Liberals played havoc with the Conservative leaders in important constituencies. Sir Charles Tupper himself, and his lieutenant, ex-Minister Foster, fell in the East. Hardest blow of all, Hugh John Macdonald, the rising hope of the Canadian Tories, yielded to Minister Sifton in Manitoba. This leaves the Conservatives sorely crippled, and, unless some readjustment of seats be made, virtually leaderless in Parliament. It is a bad year for Opposition parties.

"Consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me." The Chinese Emperor might well make these words of the King of Israel his own, as he reads the extraordinary demands which the Powers are now making upon China. It certainly looks as if the policy agreed upon were intended to drive the Chinese to despair or armed protest, or else to press them to the point of exhaustion and practical destruction of their nationality. This huge indemnity of $600,000,000—why, it would tax the resources of a great industrial nation to pay it. For China it would mean simply the starvation of millions. This is no exaggeration. Increase taxation in China by any considerable percentage (as would, of course, be necessary), and so narrow is the margin between food and lack of it, in the case of the masses of the swarming Chinese population, that graves would be filled faster than the Treasury. It is said, to be sure, that the Powers will find the money for China, taking land or customs duties for security; but this is only a roundabout way of exercising oppression. Very fittingly with this demand goes the prohibition of Chinese armaments, and a veto on the importation of guns and ammunition. First drive a people to desperation; then deny them the right or means of self-defence. There could not well be a more deliberate attack on Chinese sovereignty by Powers which are professing the strongest desire to cherish and strengthen it.

What is the United States doing in this Chinese galley? Our Minister is consulting and voting with the other diplomats in Pekin. By so much we are in the concert. But it is evident, if the best Washington dispatches are trustworthy, that Mr. Conger is being outvoted, and the more moderate proposals of this country set aside for the extreme measures adopted. Secretary Hay is reported to be very much annoyed at the severity of the demands presented at Pekin. He considers them to smack too much of bloodthirstiness and greed. Well, how long are we going to identify ourselves with a policy which we disapprove? It seems to us high time for the United States to dissociate itself from the concert of the Powers in this matter, just as it did in the question of retaining an army in China. Our independent and honorable lead in the withdrawal of troops undoubtedly had an immense moral effect at the time, and practically forced the hand of the other nations. But for our prompt and resolute action, military operations on an enormous scale might at this moment be going on in China. Has not the hour struck for the Administration again to blaze a path in this Chinese business, by openly protesting against a policy of cruelty and extortion, and proceeding, if necessary, to settle our differences with China independently? We think that the State Department has before it a golden opportunity to assert a moral leadership, and to win a victory for peace no less renowned than one of war. Already the European press is in a flutter over the mere rumor that the United States will refuse to have part or lot in the diplomatic spoliation of China. This is an indication of the moral uncertainty which marks the attitude of the Powers.

Sir Robert Hart, the British manager of the Chinese customs service, who was in Pekin during the dark days of June and July, has written an article for the *Fortnightly Review* on the cause of the attack upon the legations. The Boxers, he says, could have done no harm to the legations had not the allied forces bombarded the Taku forts. This assault was construed by the Chinese Government as an act of war—naturally so. In accordance with the usual custom in such cases, the Government which was attacked sent notice to the ambassadors of the attacking forces to quit Pekin within twenty-four hours, but the latter would not do so. They supposed, of course, that the attack on the forts would not be made without an immediate advance to Pekin to relieve the legations. They waited for it, but it did not come. Weeks passed. The Chinese regulars in Pekin could have demolished the legation buildings and killed the occupants any day they chose, had they not been restrained by some person or persons of influence. It appears, therefore, that the Chinese trouble was mainly, if not wholly, caused by an act of unauthorized and senseless violence, committed by the representatives of the civilized nations—an act which put in peril all the Europeans in Pekin and sacrificed the lives of many throughout the country, and brought on the crisis which is still pending. And the civilized folks, forsooth, are now asking themselves how much indemnity they shall require the heathen Chinese to pay on account of the war they made upon them when they attacked the Taku forts!

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### THE NEXT FINANCIAL STEP.

One of the important features of the recent campaign was the discussion of the peculiar working of the Financial Act of March 14, 1900. The first section of this measure makes the gold dollar the standard unit of value, and provides that all forms of money issued or coined by the United States shall be maintained at parity of value with that standard, and declares it to be the duty of the Secretary of the Treasury to maintain such parity. Other sections make provision for the redemption of all legal-tender notes in gold coin on demand, and create a special fund of $150,000,000 which cannot be used for any other purpose, but must be replenished by the sale of bonds whenever it is reduced below a certain amount. In pursuance of previous laws, as well as of the one under consideration, the coinage of the silver bullion purchased under the Sherman Act is going on, and the silver dollars so produced are gradually taking the place of the Treasury notes issued under that act. Eventually there will be 578,000,000 of silver dollars outstanding, which the law says shall be maintained at a parity with gold dollars; but the act makes no provision for redeeming them in gold, and provides no special fund for that purpose.

This incongruity in the measure led to the question, which assumed some importance in the progress of the campaign, What would Mr. Bryan do if he were elected President? Would he "pay out silver" for interest and principal of the bonded debt? Mr. Bryan at first declined to answer the question, but near the end of the campaign he said that the Republicans were asking him to construe the law when they could not agree upon the construction of it among themselves. He would execute the law, whatever it was; but since it was inconsistent with itself, he would not undertake to construe it beforehand. There was force in this answer. The law is inconsistent. It is self-contradictory in the sense that it requires the Secretary to do a certain thing without supplying him with the means to do it.

The particular thing is the requirement to maintain the parity of the silver dollar with the gold dollar—the thing of most importance in the financial world now and hereafter. The incongruity in the law was made more glaring by the fact that the bill, as passed by the House, actually contained a provision requiring the redemption of silver dollars with gold, on demand of any holder of the former, and gave the Secretary as ample powers for this purpose as for the redemption of greenbacks. This feature was stricken out by the Senate. It may have been stricken out for political effect—that is, to bring about the very controversy in the campaign to which reference has been made. Senator Allison, however, said that it was dropped because the Senate would not have passed the bill if the silver redemption clause had been retained.

Leaving that question aside with the burnt powder of the campaign, it is the plain duty of Congress to go on and finish the bill as it was begun, and not leave open such a wide door for future disaster as might occur if business conditions should recur like those of 1884-5 and 1892-3. In the former case the Treasury was saved from the necessity of "paying out silver" by the public-spirited action of the banks of New York, which advanced to the Secretary sufficient gold to tide him over the crisis. In the second case the Secretary was saved from a silver cataclysm by resorting to the sale of bonds under old and forgotten laws, which many persons deemed obsolete. Although the Government escaped bankruptcy, the crisis in the business world was terrific, and the ruins have not wholly passed from view yet. Nobody entitled to be classed as an economist will deny that business conditions which should seriously lessen the demand for money for retail trade would embarrass the Treasury and compel it to "pay out silver," that is, to do the very thing which Mr. Bryan was asked if he would do in case of his election.

Is there any political reason why Congress should not now complete its unfinished Gold Standard Act at the coming session? We can see none. It is not probable that the Democrats would offer any serious resistance to it. They have been so beaten and humiliated on the Sound Money issue that they will cast it to the winds on the first opportunity, if they are wise. They can properly say that as the country has decided the case against them twice—the second time more decisively than the first—they will abandon that issue. This, in our opinion, they will do in any event. The recent election was not merely an eye-opener: it was a head-opener. The party, if it is to live at all, must follow new lines and new leadership. But if the Democratic Senators should plant themselves against an amendment of the Gold Standard Act, whose object is to make it effectual for its declared purpose and shield the country from perils of which it has had direful experience in the past, then so much the worse for them. If the Republicans ever had a "mandate" in an election, it is this one—to go forward and complete the work they began when they passed the act of March 14, 1900.

### LEADERS OF A DEMOCRACY.

Before Mr. Bryan passes into that retirement which, for a time at least, must be grateful even to himself, his candidacy and its second failure may well be used to point afresh an old moral respecting the kind of men a democracy delights to honor. His extraordinary canvass undoubtedly called out some extraordinary tributes to his personality. It was not merely that the crowd ran agape after him, as it did after his rough-riding opponent. He often seemed to elicit, in addition, a sentiment of almost idolatrous devotion. Some of it was feigned or misleading, but much of it was genuine; and there was enough of it to turn a solider head than his. It needs a grim and clear-sighted man like Cromwell to say, in the face of acclaiming thousands, "They would come out even more gladly to see me hanged." Yet it is clear now that Mr. Bryan did not win the whole-hearted confidence of the very masses to whom he made his most direct appeals. They flocked to see and hear him; they shouted approval of his words; but they did not vote for him as he expected. It was the old story over again of a demagogue not really knowing the nature of the people he was trying to lead. If Mr. Bryan had had a better cause, his character would have pulled it down; the parts of his cause that were good could not overcome the distrust of his person.

The truth is, that Mr. Bryan sinned against what Lowell calls the "finer instincts" of a democracy. Among them is a vague and often confused and misdirected, but always unmistakable, impulse to admire what is better than itself. Again and again has it been shown in this country and in England that the public man who makes himself common will fail to win the hearts of even ordinary, workaday citizens, who, in their secret souls, wish to be represented by some one decidedly uncommon. There is an ideal strain, an instinct of reverence for distinction and greatness, in the make-up of the American commonalty, and woe to the aspiring politician who permanently ignores it. Mr. Bryan went steadily from bad to worse in this respect, throughout his campaign. Rough-and-tumble ways will go some distance with a democracy, but they will never reach the goal. A mere agitator has never yet received the highest rewards within the gift of the American people, nor has a mere jester. It is just as impossible for Mr. Depew to become President as it is for Mr. Bryan. A high seriousness is required in the man who is permanently to satisfy the latent hero-worship of all great democracies. Mr. Bryan too often erred by displays of jocoseness in public.

Besides his posturing too openly as a demagogue, besides his being far too "lavish of his presence," and jesting with too much ease in public, Mr. Bryan failed on account of the impression he gave of being an unstable man of too little ballast. He was a fertile, audacious, masterful, tireless campaigner, but, when all was said, was he the man

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to direct the storm which he was trying to raise? The social passions he so rashly appealed to—if they were once to break their bounds, would they not sweep him away with everything else? It was not alone his wild and whirling words, it was the total effect of flightiness produced by his bearing, which made men ponder and hesitate and turn away. They concluded, often with real regret, that he was not one of those "continent, persisting, immovable" persons whom Emerson described as marked out "for the blessings of the world"—"men who have in the gravity of their nature a quality which answers to the fly-wheel in a mill, which distributes the motion equably over all the wheels and hinders it from falling unequally and suddenly in destructive shocks." Mr. Bryan could not persuade the people that he was a "safe" man; and nobody whom the masses of the voters did not believe to be "safe" has ever been elected President, angle for hearts as skilfully as he might.

The safeguard of a strong and grave character is more essential in the leader of the radical wing of a democracy than in the chief of the conservative party. Mr. Gladstone often proposed a policy of upheaval. He was the champion of change. Yet, though he was throughout his career assailed as an innovator and destroyer, the poise and weight of his character were such that the English democracy knew itself safe in his hands. It takes the big and rugged natures to utter radical sentiments without frightening people. Mr. Cleveland was accused in 1892 of being an anarchist. Some things which he said about the Homestead strike were comparable, so far as mere language goes, with Mr. Bryan's reckless utterances. But there was this difference. In the first place, Mr. Cleveland spoke of an abuse distinctly remediable by legislation, and did not harp on mere social discontent. More important than this, he was a man of demonstrated strength of character and steadiness of purpose, and people knew that he would stand like a rock against surging passion. He was the sure, if somewhat heavy-footed, man whom the people defer to; before his type, the showy, erratic man always goes down when it comes to close grips in the large electoral contest.

Mr. Cleveland has, very gratifyingly, come to his own as a leader of democracy just at the moment of the complete eclipse of his reviler and would-be successor. A swifter reversal of contemporary judgment was never known. Republicans have had the frankness to acknowledge the immense and heroic services of the man into whose labors they themselves have so easily entered. Democrats, after following false lights for seven years, are looking back regretfully to that steady beacon by which they sailed successfully for a decade. Mr. Cleveland's vindication has, in short, come in his own lifetime; and that is a happiness which is the lot of few public servants fallen on troublous times. And in his present enviable position, secure in the confidence and esteem of his fellow-countrymen, enjoying a foretaste in life of the verdict of history upon him after he is gone, we see what it really is to be a leader in a democracy. In him all demagogues should read the great lesson which, with all their smirking and smartness, they never seem able to learn—the lesson of

> "the obedient sphere
> By bravery's simple gravitation drawn."

## THE BOOM IN WALL STREET.

Eighteen months have passed since the last great Bull Movement took place on the Stock Exchange. Its characteristic feature was the manufacture and sale of Industrial securities, or, as they are commonly called, "Trusts," but it was not confined to these. There were many reorganizations of railroads that had broken down in the panic of 1893 and the hard times following it. The new securities issued in pursuance thereof had a much better foundation than the old ones retired. The water had been largely squeezed out, and there was real room for improvement. The new industrials and the reorganized railroads gave a tremendous impetus to the trading, and the fire spread to the adjoining property, so that for some months there was a tremendous "boom in stocks." The buyers were of all classes and from all sections of the country. Yet every boom must stop somewhere. The boom of the early months of 1899 did stop, but it did not end in a panic. There were heavy losses, but they were so widely distributed that there were few insolvencies and no bank failures of importance.

Concurrently with the boom in Wall Street there was a boom in business generally. The two things almost always go together. The one depends upon the other. Stock Exchange securities are worth more or less according to their earning capacity. The imagination of dealers may momentarily lift up the market, but nothing can sustain it except income which can be seen, felt, and deposited in the bank. The approach of good times or of bad times is felt in Wall Street before it is appreciated elsewhere, because Wall Street is the focus where all the rays of light are most speedily assembled, and where the keenest observers of the country are watching them. Nothing can take place having business significance in any part of the country without making a record in Wall Street, the import of which is passed upon by some hundreds or thousands of experienced men who are eager to turn it to profitable account. Wall Street felt the oncoming of the business boom in the early months of 1899 and sought to profit by it.

Wall Street felt, in like manner, the oncoming of the reaction after the upward movement had exhausted itself, and, being quite as ready to make a profit on a decline as on an advance, "sold short." In both cases the Street merely anticipated the course of business in the country at large. After the boom of 1899 had collapsed, the general business boom slowly subsided, and merchants and manufacturers found themselves, early in the present year, facing slackened sales and a declining market. The prices of iron and steel went off heavily; some of the largest mills were closed. The cotton industry was greatly depressed, and the Presidential campaign was entered with gloomy forebodings. The campaign itself was a cause of depression, but it was not the only cause and not the chief one. It increased the apprehensions of the business community, especially after the Kansas City Convention repeated the free-silver programme of 1896, but the mischief had been done before. It existed outside of politics. This is evident from the fact that the course of trade was the same in England and Germany as in the United States—the same in respect to the boom of 1899 and the reaction of the present year.

Now, what about the boom of to-day? Is it permanent or transitory? Is it wholesome or otherwise? Does it prefigure business prosperity, or is it a mere flash in the pan, a mere display of fireworks after the Presidential election? Nobody is wise enough to answer this question dogmatically. We can only look at what has gone before, and draw such lessons as we may from past experience. Of course every upward movement of prices, whether of stocks and bonds or of goods, has its limits. It cannot go on for ever. The eagerness of buyers will probably carry Stock Exchange securities higher than the facts justify. Yet, guided by the facts and principles sketched above, we are warranted in thinking that the Wall Street movement does signify a real revival of trade, and that the relations of demand and supply in the general markets of the country have been readjusted. In other words, prices of goods have fallen to the point where buying will again become active. We think that it may be fairly assumed that the activity in Wall Street prefigures general activity.

There are some special facts which sustain this thesis. Several large steel and iron works that had either suspended temporarily or were running on short time have resumed at their full capacity. Orders for car-building, of great magnitude, which had been

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held back pending the election, have been given out. The ship-building trade is in full tide of prosperity, and new yards are in course of construction. The exportation of steel and iron products to foreign countries has been actively resumed from both Northern and Southern mills. The exportation of coal in large amounts will begin as soon as the necessary freight room can be obtained. Even more significant is the demand for money: call loans, which ruled at 2 per cent. or less during the summer, are now at 4 per cent., and the demand is so active that importations of gold would take place but for the heavy sales of our securities in London and Berlin to American buyers. While these indications of returning prosperity are to be welcomed, it is easy to "overdo the business" both on the Stock Exchange and elsewhere.

### *AN EXAMPLE FOR NEW YORK.*

The Republican boss insists upon two lines of policy regarding the government of the city which are directly calculated to continue Tammany in control of the administration. Platt declares that the Legislature must pass his State Constabulary scheme, by which the control of the police here is to be taken from the city and given to an official appointed by the Republican Governor, who will represent the Republican machine. He asserts that "the Republicans will never accept [for Mayor] a man who voted for free silver and went about making speeches for Bryan"; that the only sort of a Democrat whom he will consider for the place is a Sound-Money Democrat.

A more ingenious scheme for keeping Tammany in power could not be devised. Intelligent sentiment, without regard to party, is strongly against the State Constabulary scheme. Platt himself admits that the newspapers oppose it, although, of course, he does not think that the attitude of the press should count for anything. It would be the most flagrant violation of the principle of home rule which has been committed since the old days when the police force was ruled from Albany, with no end of scandals; and it would give Tammany the tremendous advantage in next year's campaign of standing for the maintenance of a sound principle.

As for ruling out of consideration for the Mayoralty all men who supported Bryan, both the spirit of the Constitution and the principle of fair play are affronted by the idea. The reason for changing the time for electing the Mayor from the even-numbered to the odd years was that there might be no excuse left for connecting national politics with municipal affairs. It will make no difference to either party as a national organization whether the metropolis, in a year when no State or Federal officials are chosen, shall elect for Mayor an Imperialist or an Anti-Imperialist, a man who supported McKinley or Bryan or Woolley. On the other hand, to rule out of consideration for the Mayoralty any one of the majority of voters who voted on November 6 for Bryan on the Presidential issue, is to drive off at the start in droves men whose ballots will be essential to the defeat of Tammany.

An example for New York city was set by Providence, R. I., which deserves careful attention. Brayton has long been as much the Republican boss in Rhode Island as Platt in New York, and he tries to run the politics of the chief city as well as of the State. Providence is a large manufacturing centre, and contains a mass of voters not at all above the average. The city is normally Republican, so that the conditions for Brayton have been favorable. Nevertheless, the principle of non-partisanship in municipal government has steadily gained ground. Since 1890 Mr. D. L. D. Granger, a Democrat, has been chosen City Treasurer at every election, solely on the ground that he was honest and efficient. The same thing has been true, during the decade, of Mr. Cummings, the Overseer of the Poor. Indeed, of late years the Republicans have often regarded it as useless to nominate candidates against them. In 1896 the city went strongly for McKinley, and at the same time for a Democratic Mayor.

This year the Good Government party undertook to promote Mr. Granger to the office of Mayor. At first, people generally felt that opposition to him would be merely nominal. The Republican machine men, however, thought the chance to come in with the McKinley landslide was too good to throw away. Accordingly they put up a respectable business man, spent money freely, and made a sharp fight. Mr. Granger himself, who is not ashamed of his opinions, contributed to his rival's strength by frankly admitting that he should vote for Bryan. At once the cry arose, like Platt's wail over Coler, that Mr. Granger had sinned away his day of grace by advocating free silver. Reputable and solid citizens, who knew better, signed a paper urging voters to declare against financial heresy by defeating Mr. Granger. Partisan shouts became so loud that, just before the election, friends of Mr. Granger said that, had he held his tongue, no serious argument could have been raised against him, but that now the outcome was in grave doubt.

Fortunately the voters were not disturbed by the noise, but kept their attention on the real issue. They declared against financial heresy by giving McKinley a plurality of more than 5,000, and they declared for a clean local government by giving Mr. Granger a plurality of nearly 1,800. The independent voter showed unusual discrimination by marking his ballot, first for Republican electors and a Republican Congressman, then for a Democratic Mayor, then for a Republican Treasurer who for twenty-five years had been an acceptable Assistant Treasurer, then for a Democratic Overseer of the Poor, and finally for a Republican Harbormaster.

If in the heat of the Presidential battle the independent movement can reach such headway in Providence, we need not despair of New York in an election which is purely municipal. Tammany can be overthrown if our voters will show the same spirit and intelligence.

### *HENRY VILLARD.*

Henry Villard was born Heinrich Hilgard in Speyer, Rhenish Bavaria, on April 11, 1835. The family surname, variously spelled —in one form, Hilliard—occurs somewhat widely in German village nomenclature. His was the Nassau stock settled upon the middle course of the River Lahn, with Wetzlar for its early focus. His first known ancestor, Johann Hilgard, a landowner, who died before 1626, was a member of the Reformed Church; and the fourth, fifth, and sixth generations were represented by pastors. Of these, Gerhard Samuel wrote in 1792, at seventy-five, 'A Defence of the Revealed Christian Religion,' against the deism and natural religion of the French Revolution. His son Jacob, on the other hand, also a clergyman, and allied by marriage with the French Protestant and clerical line of Engelmann (Angeaume), forfeited his place at Bacharach, on the Rhine, in consequence of his sympathy with the Revolution, was expelled, and his family dispersed. Republican sentiments at a later period cost Jacob's son Fritz his office of Oberbürgermeister in Speyer, through royal disfavor. Two of Fritz's sons joined their freedom-loving uncle Theodor (father of Julius Hilgard, who became Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey) in the notable migration of the connection to Belleville, Illinois, in 1835. The eldest son, Gustav (1807-1867), remained at home in the judicial service of the Bavarian Government, moving from place to place, according to promotion, and ending Judge of the Supreme Court at Munich. He was the father of Heinrich, the subject of the present notice.

In 1849 the boy was attending the gymnasium in Zweibrücken, the family home for ten years, when the outbreak of the Revolution caused the father to put him to school at the then fortified town of Phalsbourg, in Lorraine, where the future novelist Chatrian grounded him in the French language. A year later he passed to the gymnasium at Speyer; but in October, 1853, he broke off his university studies, and, in a spirit of adventure, set out for the United States, intending to join the colony of his cultivated relatives at Belleville. Interchange of letters with them had always been kept up, and Heinrich's curiosity about this country had been greatly excited. He was an only son, but in any case the step could hardly have been approved by his father, whose opposition was, in fact, such that the boy—resolved, if he could not make a name for himself, not to unmake his own—borrowed the kindred appellation of a French school-

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mate at Phalsbourg, and became Henry Villard.

He was a year in reaching Belleville after he had landed—a year full of trying experience in a New World whose language he had never studied. The winter of 1854-'55 was spent upon the farm of an uncle, amid purely German surroundings, and here commenced his introduction to journalism, in contributions to the local press. In the following spring he began reading law, at Peoria and elsewhere; but on his removal to Chicago he engaged in newspaper correspondence, at first in German, then, as his mastery of English proceeded, in English. In this capacity he served Eastern papers by reporting the famous Lincoln-Douglas debates in the summer of 1858; the Cincinnati *Commercial*, as legislative reporter at Indianapolis in the fall, and at Springfield, Ill., in the winter. The same paper sent him, in the spring of 1859, to Colorado with reference to the newly discovered Pike's Peak gold fields, which, upon the subsequent arrival of Horace Greeley and Albert D. Richardson, he visited in their company. His letters narrating this interesting experience he afterwards worked over into a volume.

As a reporter, Mr. Villard attended in 1860 the Chicago Convention which nominated Lincoln; and in the ensuing campaign travelled through the West as a correspondent, finally in the employ of the New York *Herald*. For this paper he stationed himself at Springfield, sending daily reports till Lincoln began his journey eastward, in February, 1861, when he accompanied him as far as New York. Mr. Villard, who had laid the foundations of a wide acquaintance with public characters, now established himself in Washington, still as correspondent for journals East and West, till the outbreak of the civil war, when he took the field, his character securing him a welcome at all headquarters. He witnessed the first defeat of the Union army at Bull Run; reported Buell's Western campaigns; brought to Washington, by singular good fortune and address, the first authentic news of Burnside's disaster at Fredericksburg; was the only correspondent in Dupont's attack on Charleston in April, 1863, being on board the flagship *New Ironsides*, where, by the voluntary testimony of the commander, Capt. (afterwards Rear-Admiral) C. R. P. Rodgers, "your own personal gallantry and unhesitating devotion in the exercise of your professional duty won for you the respect and confidence of us all." He was disabled by fever on the eve of Chickamaugua, and, last of all, accompanied Grant in his terrible Wilderness campaign. In the meantime, with Horace White and Adams S. Hill, he had started in Washington a press bureau, supplying the Boston *Advertiser*, Springfield *Republican*, Cincinnati *Commercial*, Chicago *Tribune*, and St. Louis *Democrat*. When Mr. White became managing editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, in 1865, Mr. Villard was made the Eastern correspondent of that paper.

He first revisited Europe and his family in 1864; in 1866 he was dispatched by the New York *Tribune* to report the war between Prussia and Austria, but it was over before he could arrive on the scene. He remained, however, to report the Paris Exposition of 1867, and passed the following winter in Paris in the interest of the Chicago *Tribune*. Meanwhile, in January, 1866, in Boston, he married Fanny, the only daughter of William Lloyd Garrison, whose philanthropic nature and humanitarian career made a deep impression on him, and developed a kindred instinct of active benevolence, which he was destined to have abundant means to gratify. For a time it seemed as if Boston might become his home, as in 1868 he was chosen Secretary of the newly founded American Social Science Association, having its headquarters in that city, and did not finally relinquish his post till 1871, when he made a third visit to Europe, with a prolonged stay at Wiesbaden. In this interval, through negotiation of American securities in Germany, he was brought into connection with leading bankers in Frankfort and Berlin; and, upon the panic of 1873, leading to American railroad bankruptcy and consequent default in payment of interest on bonds held in Germany, he was invited to cooperate with committees formed for the protection of bondholders, and proved an admirable intermediary. In April, 1874, he recrossed the ocean, duly empowered to represent the interests in question.

Fate took him first to the scene of the business enterprise of his fellow-countryman of the Palatinate, John Jacob Astor, namely, to Oregon, where the grandeur of nature aroused his imagination, while his observation of geographical conditions pointed the way to profitable control of the three avenues of approach—by the sea, by the Columbia and Willamette River valleys. The prime result of his visit and negotiations was that the bondholders took over the property of the Oregon and California Railroad Co. and the Oregon Steamship Co. in 1875, and made Mr. Villard President.

He had already, in 1873, been elected member of a Frankfort committee representing the bondholders of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, also in default and unable to execute a scheme to which it had assented for funding the interest. In 1875 it asked that Mr. Villard be made receiver, and, the Frankfort bondholders agreeing, he accepted the position in connection with Carlos S. Greeley of St. Louis, who represented the company. A natural friction ensued, which was heightened by the directors' alliance with the Union Pacific Company, then controlled by Jay Gould, who soon became master of the Kansas Pacific, playing fast and loose with it in his contracts. Mr. Villard firmly and successfully withstood him till the courts removed both receivers, but he ended by bringing the bonds up from 40 at foreclosure to above par.

Meanwhile, in Oregon, the rise of a rival line so alarmed the foreign mortgage creditors of the Oregon Steamship Company that Mr. Villard was urged to help them to sell out. This he effected through a small syndicate of his friends, and he then turned his attention towards an eastern outlet for the State, and, as a preliminary to undertaking railroad construction in the valley of the Columbia, he purchased the stock of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company, of which Jay Cooke's Northern Pacific Company had at one time held a controlling share. Mr. Villard was in treaty with the Union Pacific to join him in his new enterprise, but was left to carry it on alone, and in June, 1879, he incorporated the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, of which he became President. Its success was instantaneous. Fine new steamships were built for the ocean service between Portland and San Francisco, and the railroad was duly constructed along the south bank of the Columbia to Wallula, the westernmost point on the fragmentary Northern Pacific Railroad.

With this road Mr. Villard now sought to enter into friendly relations, hoping to induce it to forego a parallel construction along the north bank of the Columbia, or alternative outlet by way of the Cascade branch to the Pacific Ocean. To facilitate this understanding, he offered to raise enough money on the Northern Pacific's first-mortgage bonds to complete the main line (then lacking about a thousand miles); but he could effect no more than a traffic agreement, consummated in October, 1880, by which the Northern Pacific availed itself of the Oregon Railway and Navigation line until such time as it should build one of its own. Meanwhile, it transpired that the Northern Pacific was preparing to realize the necessary amount on its bonds independently, and Mr. Villard then resolved to anticipate this action. The masterly stroke by which he succeeded consisted in the formation of a new company, the Oregon and Transcontinental, which should acquire a controlling interest in both the Northern Pacific and the Oregon Railway and Navigation Co., and construct a full system of branch lines subsidiary to the two main trunks, to guard against rivalry and foster local traffic. His mode of procedure was to buy the stock first and to form the company afterwards. The buying he began privately on his own account in December, 1880, and in February, 1881, feeling assured of ultimate success, he invited some fifty persons to subscribe with himself to a fund of $8,000,000, for an enterprise which he would disclose later. This so-called "blind pool" was subscribed twice over in twenty-four hours—an extraordinary vote of confidence in Mr. Villard's integrity not less than in his ability. On the disclosure of his scheme, a second subscription of more than $12,000,000 was made, and the total $20,000,000 paid in money. In September, 1881, Mr. Villard obtained recognition on the Board of Directors, and was chosen President of the Northern Pacific. Thanks to the Oregon and Transcontinental Co., the completion of the Northern Pacific was now vigorously entered upon, and achieved in the summer of 1883, in the presence of a large number of invited guests, German, English, American, of distinction. From the point of junction of the two approaching ends of the roads, the guests proceeded to the Pacific Coast at Seattle, where the feeling of the population on being at last united to the rest of the continent found expression in almost triumphal festivities, such as had, indeed, been encountered at St. Paul and Minneapolis and all along the route.

Mr. Villard was now at the height of his reputation as a financier, but his real joy came from the satisfaction of his imagination regarding the future of the communities to whose welfare he had pledged himself as some benevolent despot might have done. Like them, he looked forward to a rapid influx of settlers, enormous expansion of industry and commerce, and such a degree of prosperity and happiness as comported with the enchanting face of nature—mountains, woods, and waters. But the vision was trembling in the very midst of the celebration. In the autumn occurred that disastrous business depression under which the country labored for years. It found the companies directed by Vil-

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lard involved in unexpected outlays, beyond the engineers' estimates, for the most difficult portions of the Northern Pacific extension. In vain he strove to maintain them—not more for himself and his prestige than from sympathy for his friends embarked with him—by pouring in his private fortune till it was almost exhausted. They could not escape the general collapse, and he remained the heaviest loser as he was the largest individual owner of the properties. This fact did not save him from bitter reproaches and opprobrium on the part of those who classed him among the vulgar faithless magnates of Wall Street; and this caused him a thousand times more pain than his pecuniary losses. That his mind did not give way in the terrible stress, is proof of the soundness of his moral fibre. He was depressed, his health forbade his continuing at the helm, he sought rest with his family abroad; but he kept to his faith in the future of the road and the coast, and abated nothing of his interest in the building up of the Far Western empire.

During his sojourn in Germany, he formed new financial relations which enabled him to repair his fortune, and to return to the United States with much of his old prestige as a capitalist. His ever keen interest in inventions of great public utility early attracted him to the commercial development of electricity, and made him an ardent believer in the profitableness of it. He was one of the first to encourage Edison with pecuniary aid in those experiments which resulted in the incandescent lamp now in universal use. In 1890 he purchased from this inventor his electrical manufacturing interests, including the Edison Lamp Co. at Newark, N. J., and the Edison Machine Works at Schenectady, N. Y., and from these organized the Edison General Electric Co., of which he became President, serving in that capacity for about two years. This company has become one of the largest electrical manufacturing establishments in the world.

It had been Mr. Villard's intention to bid good-by to railroad management altogether, and it was against his better judgment that, in October, 1889, he yielded to the entreaties of his old associates and assumed the chairmanship of the Northern Pacific Board of Directors. The commercial panic of 1893, and the consequent hard times and falling off in immigrants, on the transportation of whom the road largely depended for its profits, again dragged down the Northern Pacific, and led to Mr. Villard's regaining the quiet life for which he longed. He made many journeys to Europe, and, in the summer of 1899, ten years after he had beheld Seattle in flames, he paid a farewell visit to the Pacific Coast, where he was received with genuine manifestations of affection and respect that touched him profoundly. He also made for the first time the Alaskan tour, penetrating to the Klondike, and summed up his impressions of the total excursion in a series of letters to the *Evening Post*, afterwards printed in pamphlet form. His summer home continued to be at "Thorwood," Dobb's Ferry on the Hudson, amid spacious grounds in which he delighted to wander with his dogs; and here, on November 12, he passed away. His wife and daughter and two sons survive him.

Nature cast Mr. Villard in a generous mould. He was a man of commanding stature with a large and striking head, finely cut features, and a truly noble countenance. His manners were simple and unaffected, his associations and hospitality singularly democratic, his living temperate. His friendships were strong and lasting, and wholly uninfluenced by his rise to wealth and power. To his kindred, near and remote, he was beneficence itself. His conversation, owing to his extraordinary experience and marvellous memory (or "eventuality," in phrenological parlance), was always most interesting. As a speaker, on business or ceremonial occasions, he was lucid, felicitous, and impressive. In both speaking and writing the English language, there were traces of the foreigner, in accent and in idiom, but these were insignificant. His mind, which teemed with large ideas and projects, had also a rare capacity for details, and his observation was as minutely critical as it was swift and comprehensive. This made him a capital traveller and reporter. The grand scale suited his contemplation best—the sublime in nature or in architecture, the unlimited scope of human invention. He never visited London without spending some hours in Westminster Abbey. To a marked self-confidence he united a childlike and magnanimous disposition; to a sense of the ludicrous, a certain deficiency in humor. He retained the German punctiliousness as to birthdays, and shared the delight of the youngest in the Christmas-tree. Towards children he was extremely fond and tender, and the severest blow of his life was when he lost his late-born namesake, who, as an infant in arms, had participated in driving the last spike on the Northern Pacific Railroad.

As was said of the late John M. Forbes, Mr. Villard "never seemed a man of acquisitiveness, but very distinctly one of constructiveness." Money for its own sake he never sought or coveted. He was no speculator, nor had he any proper place in Wall Street in the conventional sense. He held his gains strictly in trust, and his thoughts were ever occupied with giving. He paid the penalty of conspicuous fortune in being beset with absurd and impudent claims upon his bounty, and in the ingratitude of beneficiaries. But he did not wait to be asked, and his range was catholic, on both sides of the Atlantic. To the Oregon and Washington State Universities, to Harvard, to Columbia, to the Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum in Central Park, he was a munificent donor. While Washington was yet a Territory, the Legislature having failed to provide for its budding University, he bore all its expenses for two years, without ever being reimbursed. In Germany, his monuments are the buildings of the hospital and training-school at Speyer, the orphan asylum at Zweibrücken; endowments of the industrial museum at Kaiserslautern, of the great Red Cross Hospital at Munich, and of the Children's Hospital in Berlin; foundations for scholarships in art schools, gymnasia, and universities. On the one hand, he remembered his birthplace with a volume, edited under the auspices of the Pfalz Historical Society, containing the earliest historical documents relating to Speyer; on the other, he supported Bandelier in his invaluable researches in South American history and archæology. This list is by no means exhaustive, and to trace the minor streams of his incessant benevolence were impossible.

Politically, Mr. Villard, who reached the land of his adoption in the midst of the anti-slavery excitement attendant upon the operation of the Fugitive Slave Law, soon to be reinforced by the passage of the Nebraska Bill, was from the first a Republican. He was never, however, a mere partisan, and he early strengthened the hands of Mr. Jenckes, the father of civil-service reform in this country, inviting him, on behalf of the Social Science Association, to make a memorable address in New York, which enlisted George William Curtis in the cause, and was productive of other far-reaching effects. Mr. Villard shared, on this side and on the side of free trade, in the hopes of the reformers of 1872, but refused to go with those who accepted Greeley as their standard-bearer. He was in general sympathy with the views and policy of the *Nation*, for whose editor, Mr. E. L. Godkin, he cherished a high admiration. In the spring of 1881, a conjunction arose which enabled him to serve three friends while lending a powerful support to independent journalism. Mr. Carl Schurz, after having been a member of Hayes's Cabinet, was practically removed from politics; Mr. Godkin was feeling the strain of the editorial conduct of the *Nation*, a struggling concern; Mr. Horace White, withdrawn from the Chicago *Tribune* and connected in New York with Mr. Villard's business enterprises, was ready to reënter journalism. Mr. Villard accordingly effected, with a controlling interest, the purchase of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation*, and placed at the head the triumvirate just named, with explicit guarantees of absolute editorial independence of himself. Regarded in the light of a repayment of his American citizenship, or of devotion to his friends, or of pure public spirit aiming at the elevation of political standards and national ideas, perhaps nothing in Mr. Villard's whole career was more disinterested, or more creditable and worthy to be remembered to his honor. This can be said irrespective of any judgment that may be passed upon the course of the *Evening Post* since July, 1881.

For better or worse, this journalistic experiment has been a positive force in the political contention of the past two decades, and must be reckoned with in summing up Mr. Villard's title to distinction and gratitude. It fairly places him among the small number of German-Americans who have made a marked impress on our public life and policy—beside Lieber, the publicist, and Schurz, the journalist, orator, and statesman. His services in linking the east and west coasts together are also to be estimated in terms of national character-building as well as of national unity and material expansion. In this particular achievement he fulfilled the fur-trader Astor's aspiration, but in how different a spirit—with personal gain subordinated to zeal in the subduing of a wilderness to civilization. He resembled Astor again in rearing spiritual and charitable monuments alike in the fatherland and in the fosterland, but on a more liberal scale, both absolutely and relatively to his means, and with broader sympathies and a superior enlightenment. It is not, however, as a German that Mr. Villard deserves to be, or will be, remembered. He was an American patriot, an American idealist, an American philanthropist. His place of birth, like his accumulated wealth, was

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accidental. While he must have a high place in any history of German immigration, such as that essayed by his friend Friedrich Kapp, the moral of his career lies not in adventure, but in character. To heredity its due; to environment its due. We mourn to-day a man of the New World.

## UP THE IRTISH RIVER.

SEMIPALATINSK, September 5, 1900.

From Krasnoyarsk on the Yenisei to Omsk on the Irtish River is 738 miles, but nearly the whole of this distance is within and directly across the drainage basin of the Obi River. The Tchulim River, one of the principal eastern tributaries of the Obi, is crossed at Atchensk, only forty miles west of Krasnoyarsk. Indeed, in one place where the streams are still navigable, they are within six miles of each other. It is a singular fact of physical geography that all the long branches of the Yenisei are on the east side, while most of those of the Obi are on the western side. But really the proper continuation of the Obi is its middle branch, the Irtish, which is in itself a river 1,800 miles in length, whose source is far up on the Mongolian plateau.

The garden of western Siberia lies in the valley of the Obi for a distance of three hundred miles south of the fifty-sixth degree of latitude. Here there are 100,000 square miles of well-watered, fertile prairie land, with a climate permitting the ripening of the most important cereals, and in every way as well adapted to cultivation as are the plains of Minnesota. Already there is in this belt a population of nearly 3,000,000. Much of the territory is also underlaid by coal-bearing deposits. Although these are mostly of Jurassic age, and carry a coal that is light—almost lignite—still it promises to supply the want of fuel fairly well, and is being mined extensively. Throughout most of Siberia, wood is still so plentiful that the locomotives ordinarily use it for fuel; but here they use domestic coal.

At all the important places in Siberia touched by the railroad, new cities are growing up about the stations. The old cities are built almost entirely of wood. Even most of the best houses are of logs. But the new cities are growing up like magic out of brick. In due time all will have to follow suit and build of brick, for the wood is rapidly disappearing. Logs are, however, the easiest material from which to construct a house suited to withstand the severe winters of Siberia. Brick houses here have to be of double walls with air spaces enclosed. But the making of brick is already serving a good purpose in diversifying the home industries. It is now one of the most prominent of the manufacturing interests.

The name of the station where the railroad crosses the Obi River is Ob, which until lately has not appeared on the maps. The old city on the river was called Krivostchekova, and was an important place of 10,000 inhabitants. Connected with this place by steamer up the river are the flourishing cities of Barnaul and Bisk, with populations respectively of 29,000 and 18,000; while a short distance below is Tomsk, with a population of 55,000, and a university of wide renown. One finds, therefore, that in coming to this part of Siberia, he is not out of the world. The mass of the people look and appear much as they do in any European city. The teachers in the schools are highly educated men. More than once, when my Russian and French were insufficient for conversation, I have been asked if I could converse in Latin.

But Omsk, on the Irtish, is 333 miles west of Ob. Here we find a city, 184 years old, of 42,000 inhabitants, which reminds us more of America than anything else we have seen. Not that the architecture is like ours, for it is not. The houses are nearly all of logs, and the schools and other public buildings of brick in plain style, painted white. The churches, too, are typically Russian, with lofty domes and cupolas. But there is a brisk commercial air about the place, which reminds one of the towns on the Ohio River. Steamboats are coming and going, and the barges they have brought in are busy unloading their cargoes. Numerous rafts have also come down the river loaded with watermelons. In the stores the display of fruit is remarkable. But it is all imported.

Our plan led us here to leave the railway and go up the river about 600 miles to Semipalatinsk, and thence by tarantass 1,100 miles to Tashkend, where we shall find steam connection the rest of the way home. But we found, when already on the steamer, that the water in the Irtish was so low that they would ticket us only to Pavlodar, about half way. We should then have to take our risk about finding boats the rest of the distance. But as we could get a tarantass there as well as anywhere we did not change our plans. The ride for the first 300 miles up the Irtish is in most respects monotonous. The banks are low. There is not a mountain or hill in sight, and there are no forests. But there are other things of great interest. We are in a region inhabited by Kirghiz Tartars, and both they and their houses and habits are strange. Their houses are circular, dome-shaped tents, covered with skins of animals or felt. They raise thousands of cattle, sheep, and horses, which we frequently encounter as they are brought down to the river to drink. The men ride not only horses, but steers and camels as well. We had been surprised, in the market in Omsk, to see a camel hitched to a wagon and driven like a horse. We did not expect to see camels in latitude 55 degrees. Here, only two degrees further south, we saw many. In one case two were hitched to a familiar American mowing-machine, and walking along with it through the grass at a rapid rate.

At Pavlodar we were compelled to abandon the boat, and go the remaining 200 miles by land. This brought us still nearer to the people, and did not delay us any, for the windings of the river are so many, and the Russians drive so fast, that we did not lose any time. We found ourselves, also, to be but one of several parties which were going nearly to our destination—*i. e.*, several hundred miles—in tarantasses. One thing makes it easy to drive up the banks of the Irtish, namely, the fact that for several hundred miles the river has no tributaries. There were no streams to ford or gullies to cross. Saline lakes were drying up within a half-mile of the bank. There are no trees except along the river bank. Cattle and horses are herded by the Tartars back from the river, and hay is gathered in common meadow-land on the wide river bottoms. At this season of the year the trees were rapidly putting on their autumn colors; the first frosts were wilting the weeds; and hundreds of parties of quaint natives were stacking the hay, or hauling small loads of it near their houses. The entire distance was a scene of rare pastoral beauty and animation.

The Irtish valley has played an important part in history from the fact that it is one of the two or three natural gateways to Central Asia, rising by imperceptible gradients to the plains of Mongolia. Lake Zeizan, about half way up the plateau, is an enlargement of the river well nigh as large as Lake Erie. More than once the hordes of Central Asia, goaded on by the failing crops of that rapidly desiccating region, have poured down this valley and overwhelmed the settlements below.

Semipalatinsk was reached in two days and a half. This is a city of 35,000 inhabitants, at the head of navigation of the Irtish. But an immense amount of timber and of other coarse products is brought down from the upper portion of the river basin on rafts. Indeed, all the logs for the Russian houses are rafted down from far up the stream. The city is situated in a vast plain, with only a few mountains in the west in sight. About 150 miles to the southeast are the lofty peaks of the Altai Mountains, some of them rising 11,000 feet and supporting large glaciers. These mountains are also full of profitable gold-mines, and contain many fertile valleys watered by mountain streams.

The city was founded in 1718, when a fort was built here by the Russians as a defence against the lawless and disaffected Kirghiz Tartars. But these have long since become good and loyal subjects of the Tsar, and mosques and churches now stand side by side, as if they were products of the same civilization. The territory tributary to the city has a population of several hundred thousand, and is so full of resources as to insure the permanence and, indeed, continued growth of the place. It has several large mills and manufacturing establishments, a museum and library, and numerous schools, both public and private. Of the private schools, nine are Mohammedan. The view of the city from a distance was enchanting. Some of the enchantment, but none of the interest, was dissipated upon close acquaintance. With its predominant population of native but thoroughly Russified Mohammedans, it was an appetizing foretaste of the long ride we were to take through the Steppes of Tartary, in front of the border of the great plateau of Central Asia to the historic city of Tashkend. G. FREDERICK WRIGHT.

# Correspondence.

## FARM-BURNING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If Mr. Allison or any one else doubts the possibility of Boer women and children being turned out to starve when their houses are burned over their heads, let him read the paper of Col. H. B. Hanna in the London *Speaker* of October 27. Col. Hanna says that Lord Roberts "has descended to barbarities more worthy of a Tilly in the seventeenth century than of a British general in the nineteenth." "He has indeed abstained from burning down cities and menacing their inhabitants; but he has destroyed the homes

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of thousands, and left women and children to perish of hunger and cold; not because he desired their death, but because he was at his wits' end to feed and protect his own men, and because he still believes in pacification by terror, though his Afghan experience ought to have taught him better."

In a South African newspaper before me is a proclamation by Lord Roberts, ordering that if injury is done to any railways or other public works, all those resident on the spot shall be presumed guilty of connivance and their farms shall be burned. Twenty-three farms are condemned by the names of the owners, and others by local description. It seems likely that in some cases the only inhabitants would be women and children, the men being in the field or having been killed.

We read the other day a letter from a kind-hearted soldier of Lord Roberts's army who spoke with pity of the homesteads burning along the line of march, and of the women and children who were seen trying to pick some little things out of the ashes of their homes. EQUITY.

November 10, 1900.

## SLIPS OF THE PEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How does so good a scholar and so excellent a writer as Prof. Mark H. Liddell come to assign the 'Anabasis' of Xenophon to the sixth century B. C. and the Georgics of Virgil to the first century A. D., as he does in his very thoughtful article in the opening number of the *World's Work*? I hope it is not a sign that one's culture rests on a wrong basis to look for a little more accuracy in regard to the leading dates of classical literature from writers who undertake to discuss the proper place of that literature in education.—Yours very truly, BACK NUMBER.

OTTAWA, CANADA, October 29, 1900.

[We have, to save time, submitted this criticism to Professor Liddell, whose comment we append.—ED. NATION.]

SIR: I am very sorry that I overlooked the two blunders in chronology which your correspondent points out. He is quite right in expecting accuracy in such elementary matters from writers who undertake to discuss the proper place of classical literature in education. But it was rather the proper place of English literature in education that I undertook to discuss in my paper. My unfamiliarity with classical scholarship, if your correspondent will argue it from these slips, is not so vital to my contention, therefore, as would be the evidence of an ignorance of English.

But I feel sure that he will give me the benefit of the doubt and accept a plea,

"Culpam in facto non scelus esse meo."

I am especially prone to agraphia, and have bitter cause to deplore the fact every time proof-sheets come home to me from the printers. In the present instance it was the dread of being victimized by it that led me to have the dates verified, and in the process of verification the century of Cyrus the Great slipped in for that of Cyrus the Younger, while the original offender "A. D." for "B. C." was allowed to remain with the added countenance of a *particeps criminis*. The readers, trusting to my accuracy, overlooked the errors; *hinc illæ lachrimæ*.

This not by way of excuse or palliation, but in explanation, as I have frequently had school-boys urge on me in like circumstances.

"Back Number" is not such an out-of-date reader of the *Nation* as he would have you suppose, for he has seen, I think, the drift of my paper, which is not a reckless attack upon classical training, but an attempt to bring educated men to see the necessity of better English teaching as a preliminary step to gaining an appreciation of the value of English study as a means of culture, and to giving English Literature its rightful place in our educational system. Nor (if I may be allowed one word more) have I failed to recognize the fact that neither a series of brief and faulty magazine articles, nor a few years' campaign of spasmodic enthusiasms, can bring about this end. It will come slowly if it comes at all—and I hope and pray that it may—after the careful and sober consideration of many intelligent men who not only know the proved benefit of classical culture, but have enough knowledge of our own language and literature, and sufficient confidence in the intellectual life of the English mind, to appreciate the true values of English culture. And that is the work of time—perhaps of a longer time than I myself should like to admit.

Yours contritely, MARK H. LIDDELL.

EAST ORANGE, N. J., November 3, 1900.

## PHI BETA KAPPA CATALOGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to call attention to the shortcomings of the Hand-book and General-Address Catalogue of the United Chapters of Phi Beta Kappa, just issued by the Secretary of the United Chapters. I have examined carefully the list of one of the chapters with which I am familiar. Out of 491 living members of the Chapter, not including the class of 1900, the names of only 375 appear in the list. There appear here also the names of two men who are not members of the Chapter. I think it no exaggeration to say that in 30 per cent. of the names published for this chapter there is an error of some kind, either in the name itself, the degree, the title, the profession assigned, or the address. The book, moreover, presents a poor appearance typographically. There is no running title, no indication as to the order in which the chapters appear, and, worse than all, no general index.

It seems to me something of a disgrace that a fraternity which comprises the best-educated men and women of the country should be represented before the public by such a slipshod publication. N.

## HISTORY AND LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your discussion of the relation between History and Literature (No. 1843, p. 325) presents an interesting phase of the large question of erudition and education in their mutual relations.

In order to redeem the cause of education, our universities must be organized as for erudition. The chief obstacle in the way of the humanities is offered by perverted and unsound methods of early instruction, especially the clouding and contaminating of the liberal arts by pseudo-scientific procedure. The intellectual inertia that ever tends to such abuse is protected and fostered through the popular pressure for a preferred academic distinction; prescriptive regulations, presumably designed to promote liberal culture, aggravate a malady which ought rather to be repressed by some sort of negative interference. The only way to a cure lies through academic freedom. The evil becomes graver as the higher education takes on more and more of a popular character. Every year there is a larger proportion of university students who can be further *instructed*, but have practically reached their limit of culture before entering college. Nevertheless, real instruction always carries somewhat of education with it. The former is the indispensable prerequisite of the latter; and the organization must be adapted to this principle.

Where subjects are arbitrarily tied together in so-called "general courses," along with a departmental system in which the members of the teaching force are not all strictly coördinate and independent, there will regularly be found not only a monstrous numerical misadjustment (in itself a formidable source of difficulty), but also, on the artistic or liberal side at any rate, all the unrealities bred by gratuitous prescription—cram examinations instead of tests of power, the qualitative replaced by a quantitative standard, formal instead of organic grammar, everything bouffe.

Pericles, while attributing to Athens an educating force for all Hellas, and presenting the typical Athenian as an example of the highest versatility and grace, points out that a true democracy enables individuals to obtain preferment through a free public recognition of their special abilities, ὡς ἕκαστος ἐν τῷ εὐδοκιμεῖ. Preferred *degrees* are undemocratic as well as visionary, creating as they do a hierarchy of studies, and at the same time assuming, within certain lines, a factitious equality of capacities—a sort of oligarchical equality, a levelling down to the mediocre.

But few teachers, and only a small minority of students, will impart or grasp the *idea* of any subject; the majority must deal mainly with facts, or, at the best, with scientific generalizations. Both classes, however, stand equally in need of academic freedom—if the facts are to be real, as far as they go, or if lovers of ideas are to have their opportunity. There is no room under any scheme of paternalism for the *Wahlverwandtschaften*, upward and downward, without which true learning can never thrive. ISAAC FLAGG.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA, November 1, 1900.

## FORGED TERRACOTTAS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to warn your readers that a dangerous class of forgeries of Greek terracottas is now being extensively circulated in this country, and that the vendors—of whom there seem to be a number—have apparently found many victims? It is difficult to point out in words the differences which distinguish these from genuine Greek statuettes, and I shall not attempt to do so, for fear of making myself misunderstood. A family resemblance runs through all that I have seen, showing them to be

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probably the product of one workshop; and I am inclined to think that this is in Greece itself, so that the figures may be honestly called Greek, if not ancient. The favorite subjects seem to be girls seated either on rocks or chairs, in sentimental poses, sometimes with a Cupid clinging to them; and flying Cupids, frequently bearing objects such as musical instruments and the like; but these by no means exhaust the range. The girls have what may be called "Empire" figures, that is, high and rather narrow breasts, and long, slim waists; their heads are frequently more Japanese than Greek, with puffy cheeks and over-elaborated coiffures. The statuettes are baked, and the colors on them are as firm as they would be on genuine terracottas, so that the usual tests for unbaked or "made-up" figures give no results, and even the incrustation of earth or lime upon them is sometimes as hard as could be desired (harder, in fact). Those that I have seen are in an excellent state of "preservation," and, when broken, the breaks are always new and sharp. I have come across none yet in which an important piece is missing. Faces and forms alike are without blemish, though the colors are not so brilliant as to excite suspicion.

Having been deceived myself by the first of these I saw, I should be glad to have others profit by my experience. The ready sale they have had in America during the last five or six months has already brought others in their train, and in the interest of all collectors, public and private, it is important that a stop should be put to this traffic as soon as may be. Let me therefore urge amateurs not to buy any Greek terracottas, however pretty and attractive they may appear, without the advice of a competent expert in such matters. There is no class of forgeries more successful, and I do not know of a museum containing antiquities of this kind which has not been victimized by them. EDWARD ROBINSON.

MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS,
BOSTON, November 9, 1900.

## SACK SHIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A correspondent, A. M. M., in the *Nation* of October 25, asks the meaning of the term "sack ships." Any one acquainted with Elizabethan literature will recognize the word "sack" from the French "sec" as applied to Sherry wine, sometimes written "sherri-sacke." Prince Hal's "O monstrous! but one half-penny worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack" will readily occur to your readers. Spain has always been a great consumer of dried codfish—"bacallao." At the very beginning of the great Newfoundland fish trade the little West of England vessels caught so much cod that larger vessels had to be employed to carry the fish to the Spanish market; on their return these ships brought home sherry or "sack." In the records of the Tudor age they are spoken of as the "sack" ships to distinguish them from the ordinary fishing-vessels which came back with their crews each season to England. Any one interested in the subject will find further information in my 'History of Newfoundland from the Records.' D. W. PROWSE.

ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND, November 8, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I would venture to suggest that this means a "ship" fitted out for the fisheries only, especially those of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. See Littré: "Embarqué en *sac*, se dit des marins qui font un voyage à Terre-Neuve; et qui sont engagés seulement pour travailler à la pêche." T. S.

PHILADELPHIA, November 8, 1900.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the meanings of the Spanish word *saca* is export. It has the same meaning in Portuguese, too; which explains, I think, such an expression as "sack ship."

Yours very respectfully, D. P.

# Notes.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have in press Mr. Luther S. Livingston's new volume of 'American Book-Prices Current,' for 1900, the sixth in a series of which the back volumes are already difficult to procure.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon issue 'The Adventures of Odysseus,' retold in English by F. S. Marvin, R. J. C. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell, and fully illustrated by Charles Robinson. Also, the 'Essays' of Francis Bacon, uniform with their recent handsome edition of Marcus Aurelius.

Further announcements from Macmillan Co. are 'Memories of the Tennysons,' by Canon Rawnsley; and 'Cameos,' by Cyril Davenport, in the *Portfolio* monograph series.

Almost ready is Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s illustrated edition of the late James T. Fields's 'Yesterdays with Authors.' Portraits will be combined with facsimiles of letters not before published.

Marlier, Callanan & Co., Boston, will bring out during the present month 'The Drama of Gotama the Buddha and the Gospel of Jesus the Christ,' by the Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S.T.D.

The second part of the 'List of Private Libraries' compiled by Mr. G. Hedeler of Leipzig, soon to be ready, will take account of more than six hundred important collections of the United Kingdom. It will also include a supplement to Part I. (United States and Canada). Mr. Hedeler is still desirous to insure completeness by volunteer reports to him of the size and special character of private libraries in the domain indicated above.

We receive from Charles Delagrave, No. 15 rue Soufflot, Paris, a specimen of his latest dictionary enterprise, viz., 'Nouveau Dictionnaire des Sciences et de leurs Applications,' edited by the late Paul Poiré, Edmond Perrier, and Alexandre Joannis, with a large collaboration of specialists. It is appearing in fortnightly parts at a franc each, and is in octavo form, set in double columns, condensed but legible. It is very copiously illustrated. Baths having a medicinal value are entered alphabetically among rubrics pertaining to botany, zoölogy, chemistry, mineralogy, technology, anatomy, surgery, physics, rural economy, industrial mechanics, etc., etc.

Four years ago we had an opportunity to pronounce a favorable judgment on Prof. J. P. Gordy's 'History of Political Parties in the United States,' or at least upon the first of three contemplated volumes. The remainder do not appear to have reached us subsequently. Meanwhile the work, from being published in Ohio, has been taken over by Henry Holt & Co., of this city, and we again have the first volume, but this time one of four, for there is so much extension in addition to a thorough revision. We shall say no more for the present, therefore, except that the opening sentences (no mean criterion often) are of a nature to whet the appetite for what is to come.

Enlargement from three to four volumes has also been the portion of President Charles Kendall Adams's 'Representative British Orations' (Putnams), a work which originally appeared in 1884. The supplementary volume has been supplied by Mr. John Alden. One-third of it is occupied by Daniel O'Connell in defence of Magee, with the characteristic peroration to the jury: "If you be slaves and hypocrites, he [Magee] will await your verdict, and despise it." Palmerston on the case of Don Pacifico requires nearly as much space, and what is left is divided between Robert Lowe, Chamberlain, and Lord Rosebery. Mr. Alden's brief introductions are scarcely firm or independent delineations of character, but as they are not indispensable in the case of so eminent personages, they answer well enough.

The first instalment of Lockhart's 'Walter Scott' in the admirable "Library of English Classics," edited modestly but effectively by A. W. Pollard (Macmillan), consisted of two volumes. Three more now bring it to a conclusion. We note again that the abridged edition of 1848 has been sifted for additions and alterations never made in the text as here printed from the ten-volume edition of 1839. There is an index of fifty-seven pages.

The Century Company's newly begun "Century Classics" are likely to be with us for some time, and their outward appearance may be described once for all. They are tastefully bound in grass-green cloth with embossed pattern, and one remarks how the stamp on the side cover boldly makes a ligature of the double *s* in "Classics" in order that eight letters may line under the seven of "Century." The form of the printed page is rather narrow for a duodecimo, in the interest of a broad margin, and on this proportion opinions will differ. In the typography Mr. De Vinne has his way in a black and legible letter, and all eyes may be thankful for that. There is delicate rubrication on the title-page, and each volume has its frontispiece portrait of the author. Each has also its editor—Mr. Aldrich for Herrick's Poems; Henry James for Goldsmith's 'Vicar of Wakefield'; Professor Woodberry for Bacon's Essays; Sir Walter Besant for Defoe's 'Journal of the Plague Year'; Mr. Bryce for Kinglake's 'Eothen'; and Bishop Potter for Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Mr. Aldrich, of all these, has taken his task most seriously, judged by space; the introductions, as a whole, are both brief and meant for nothing more than manners. It is safe to predict a large demand for these handsome reprints.

Mr. Henry James's 'Little Tour in France' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) makes a fresh start after sixteen years with the illustrations which it had been planned should accompany the first edition. Not the same illustrations, however; these are from Mr. Joseph Pennell's pencil. The result is a better realization of the superior guide-book originally intended, and a pleasant preparation for the tourist in the fairly wide territory traversed by Mr. James and touched off in short chapters. Mr.

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Pennell's drawings are numerous, in his well-known style, and the printed pages very attractive to the eye.

A more recent impressionist abroad, Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, presents anew (through the same publishers) her two vivacious volumes of 'Penelope's English Experiences' and 'Penelope's Progress,' with upwards of 100 illustrations, all told, by Charles E. Brock. In marked contrast to Mr. Pennell's series, these are either decorative or in depiction of manners and customs; scenery is quite neglected. In both cases we have the right treatment in the right place, in very pretty books.

The author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden' seems to play with her incognito in the photogravure illustrations from nature which lend a real distinction to the latest issue of this popular work and of 'The Solitary Summer' (Macmillan). We have her surroundings frankly disclosed, but the inmate of house and grounds still eludes us. The get-up is altogether attractive, for gift or ownership.

The attention of the civilized world has been suddenly diverted from South Africa to China, and 'The Rise and Fall of Krugerism,' by John Scoble and H. R. Abercrombie (Frederick A. Stokes Co.), will now have but one reader for a hundred that it would have interested a year ago. In this case, we apprehend, even that faithful one will lose heart before he has made much progress. The authors are entirely without judgment of perspective, and appear to suppose that the outside world can spare time to master the details of the petty bickerings of the inhabitants of South Africa. Their style is tedious and commonplace, and their race prejudice so overpowering as to make it impossible to trust their statements. The book is dedicated to Chamberlain, Milner, and Rhodes, "the triumvirate in whose hands is placed the future of the British Empire in South Africa." Its animus is shown by the demand that the members of the Boer Government shall be punished if they have not "assumed the responsibilities towards private property imposed by modern warfare," while as regards the operations of the English forces, satisfaction is expressed that, "notwithstanding the yelping of the Africander press, when captures of live-stock or wagons have been made, no prayer for restitution has been listened to by the military authorities as in the past." Possibly the future historian may be able to sift some grains of fact from this mass; but his task will be difficult.

It were an easy guess, for those familiar with his previous writings, to name the author of 'The Brass Bottle' (D. Appleton & Co.), after the perusal of a few chapters, for Mr. Anstey has reopened the vein from which he drew the material for plot, humor, and ludicrous situations in his earlier successes, 'Vice-Versa' and 'The Tinted Venus.' In this instance, it is a jinn, bottled in the time of Solomon, who endeavors in an Arabian Nights way to reward his liberator, a young and struggling London architect, but instead, of course, manages to muddle thoroughly the young man's love affairs till once more sealed up in his original abiding-place. There are casual traces of humor in this tale, but as a whole the fun seems forced and hardly up to Mr. Anstey's standard.

To bring home to the careless or erring golfer the rules and etiquette of the game, and to chasten his spirit with much good advice, is Mr. H. L. Fitz Patrick's aim in 'Golf Don'ts' (Doubleday, Page & Co.). He has been at pains to compile a long list of injunctions against what would seem to be all possible golf sins of omission and commission, and, at the same time, to emphasize them with a little mild and humorous sarcasm.

A book 4 inches by 3 by 1 is truly a little room in which to store even the finite riches of a bilingual dictionary. Such are the dimensions of the 'English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionary' compiled by G. F. Barwick and published by Eyre and Spottiswoode, London. Compared with the abridged and presumably "pocket" Velazquez, it contains an appreciable percentage more of words, rather more judiciously selected, in a little more than half the cubic space. Score one more for Oxford paper! In addition to mere vocabulary, this tiny friend for pocket or travelling-bag has lists of Spanish irregular verbs and proper names, tables of weights and measures and money, together with a gleaning from the rich field of Spanish proverbs—all legibly and tastefully printed. The whole is a little marvel of book-making and convenience.

Another volume has appeared of Dr. Rodkinson's translation of the Babylonian Talmud (New York: New Talmud Publishing Company). It embraces the first eight chapters of *Baba Qamma*, the first tractate in the Seder called *Neziqin*, leaving the last two chapters to appear with *Baba Metsi'a*, the second tractate. Like the rest of this Seder, *Baba Qamma* is of the highest interest for the student of comparative jurisprudence, and presents problems of relationship and development which are still far from being worked out. It is curious that while Indian law and the legal systems of other still more primitive peoples have been studied and analyzed by professional students of the history of law, the Jewish codes and the codes of Islam have met with little attention. Yet the harvest for a widely and thoroughly trained investigator would undoubtedly be rich, and the field has the great advantage that results in it can be tolerably tested. Thus, it is possible to trace the development of the Talmudic code from Mosaic legislation through accretion from the Roman codes, through the necessities of the Jewish communities in exile which were practically ruled by their own Princes of the Captivity, and through that strange abhorrence of a vacuum which belongs to the Semitic mind, expressing itself in endless distinctions and hypothetical cases. Yet, though the foundation may be Biblical, the guiding conception for the investigator must be that the plan of the structure itself is dominated from Rome. Similarly, the codes of Islam have met with scant attention; the few Arabists who have considered them could rarely boast of any legal training. And these codes, too, stand as daughters to Roman law, both directly and through the Talmud. Dr. Rodkinson's work may therefore be commended not only to students of things Jewish, but also to students of comparative law.

The Neapolitan scholar, Benedetto Croce, well known for his researches upon the Spanish influence in Italy, as well as for his contributions to critical theory, has performed a pious task in reprinting Baumgarten's 'Meditationes Philosophicæ de nonnullis ad poema pertinentibus' (Naples, 1900), which has never been republished since its first appearance in 1735. Baumgarten was a pioneer in the field of æsthetic theory, and the term *æsthetics*, first employed in this book, gave the science its name; his large treatise, 'Æsthetica,' still awaits a modern editor. In this connection, attention may be called to Croce's latest contribution to the same field; his 'Tesi Fondamentali di un' Estetica' (Naples, 1900) is a fragment of a prospective history of æsthetics with special reference to Italy. This work is another illustration of the modern tendency to seek the assistance of analytical psychology in the explanation of æsthetic phenomena, and may accordingly be compared with such a work as Santayana's 'Sense of Beauty.'

J. Baumann of Regensburg contributed an article some time ago to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* on "Postage Stamps, their Beginning and their End," in which he predicts that stamps, as now used all the world over, will soon be a thing of the past, because of divers drawbacks attaching to their use. He recalls the fact that the postage stamp was conceived in the mind of James Chalmers of Dundee in 1834, and that on May 6, 1840, the first stamps were issued to the English public. To-day about 25,000,000,000 stamps are issued annually, and the time of about 800,000 persons is consumed in making and cancelling them. Herr Baumann thinks that most of this time is wasted; he draws a picture of the inconveniences to which the public is put by the present arrangement, and then unfolds a plan which he conceived two years ago, and which, he says, is now under favorable consideration by the British postal authorities. The main feature of this plan is that the present letter-boxes are to be converted into a kind of penny-in-the-slot machines, which will refuse to admit a letter unless the proper amount of coin for the postage has been dropped into the slot. By this arrangement, he thinks, every letter-box would practically represent an automatic post-office, and the postal departments of civilized countries would, by no longer printing stamps, effect a saving of $9,000,000 or more a year. For business firms that mail a large number of letters, he would have a kind of stamp made (similar to the present cancelling stamps), capable of making only a certain number of impressions, and purchasable at the post-office.

Two of Germany's leading men of letters, Paul Heyse and Julius Rodenberg, were recently brought before a Berlin court on the charge of maliciously misrepresenting the character of Franz von Dingelstedt. Rodenberg had printed in his periodical, the *Rundschau*, an article by Heyse, in which Dingelstedt was referred to as having been "frivolous" and "cynical," and as having gone so far in his eager desire to be taken for a dandy as well as a poet, that he made his barber address him as "Herr Baron." His wife was credited with "Bohemian" tendencies, and Heyse related that one day, after she had delighted a number of guests by her singing, she faced about and put out her tongue at them. The plaintiff's attorneys found these details wilfully libellous, but the court did not sustain them, and the two men of letters were acquitted.

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The Annual Report of the State Geologist of New Jersey for 1899 is accompanied by a Report on Forests, copiously illustrated, both by views and maps in the text, and by a series of admirable large-scale sheets, showing in color the forested areas of the entire State. It is encouraging to learn that, "taking the State as a whole, there is nearly as much forest to-day as there was in 1860," while "the deciduous timber . . . has generally increased in size and improved in quality since the period of the topographic survey, from 1880 to 1886." There has been a marked reforestation since 1850, owing to the displacement of charcoal in the use of forges and furnaces, and this means the saving of the cutting of six square miles annually for the iron industry alone. More than a hundred sawmill sites have been abandoned altogether or devoted to manufacturing purposes. The section on the effect of forests on rainfall is particularly interesting. Incidentally it is shown that the rainfall at New York from 1836 to 1868 was steadily increasing, when it suddenly fell off and remained below the average till 1883, since which date it has been fluctuating. The same is true of Newark, yet deforestation was actively going on in northern New Jersey during the period of increase, and reforestation had set in before the period of drought. As forests retard the melting of snow, they may induce later and cooler springs.

Archæology of the Thompson River Region, British Columbia, by Harlan I. Smith, forms the concluding part of the second volume of 'Memoirs of the American Museum of Natural History.' It contains an account of researches among the burial-places and village-sites at Spences Bridge, Kamloops, and in Nicola Valley, and includes descriptions, with illustrations, of the various stone implements, tools, and weapons found with the skeletal remains. The conclusions drawn from these investigations are that the ancient culture of the whole of the southern interior of British Columbia was uniform, and closely resembled that of the present inhabitants of this region. This culture shows affinities to that of the interior of Oregon and of California, and its affiliations are with the tribes of the plains rather than with those of the North Pacific Coast. Nevertheless, the presence of shells and the bones of the whale, from which utensils and implements were made, show that there were importations from the coast, while some of the carvings indicate a familiarity with the art of the Coast Indians. The examination of the skeletons of the prehistoric people does not suggest that any change of physical type has taken place. There is a fundamental difference between the types of the coast and those of the interior, the former being characterized by broad faces and large heads, while the latter have narrow faces and small heads.

The Fine Arts Division of next year's Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo promises to be a noticeable feature of that exceptional enterprise. Its exhibition will be held in the Albright Art Gallery, a permanent marble fire-proof building, within the grounds, and well isolated. All classes will consist of original work, and it is hoped to realize "an American Salon" from the loans which are sought. Information as to plan, insurance, transportation, etc., may be had by addressing the very competent and experienced Director, Mr. William A. Coffin.

—*Scribner's* for November contains the last chapter of "Tommy and Grizel." This gives Mr. Barrie the needed opportunity for killing Tommy, republishing the obituary notices of him, and telling us what his own intentions were in giving the world this true account of his life. "You may wonder," he says, "that I had the heart to write it." Sometimes the biographer "pretended to himself" that he did it in order that we might all laugh "at the stripping of a rogue," but that was never his true reason. "Have I been too cunning, or have you seen through me all the time? Have you discovered that I was really standing up for Tommy, telling nothing about him that was not true, but doing it with unnecessary scorn, in the hope that I might goad you into crying, 'Come, come, you are too hard on him?'" If he had died a hero, instead of being strangled in a most humiliating manner—if he had perished in flames in an attempt to save the life of his enemy, the author thinks we might have felt a liking for him. "Yet he would have been precisely the same person. I don't blame you, but you are a Tommy." And the female reader, presumably, is a Grizel. Every man is a rogue, and every woman is an angel. Curiously enough, the patient Griseldas will not admit this. After all, we see through a glass, darkly. "A Little Gossip," by Rebecca Harding Davis, contains reminiscences of a Virginian's glimpse at New England in the Transcendental period. She hits off Emerson, Hawthorne, Alcott, Dr. Holmes, and one or two others very neatly, and accounts for the Transcendental movement, objectively, by insisting that New England at that time swarmed with over-educated and underfed persons, who had outgrown Puritanism, and needed some substitute for religion to take its place. This leaves unexplained, however, why, subjectively, Transcendentalism was the necessary substitute. There is a good anecdote of Emerson's characterizing Thoreau as an "animal in human form." He had "the eye of a bird, the scent of a dog," etc. "No," repeated the sage, with decision, "Henry could not have had a human soul." "The Cross Streets of New York," by Jesse Lynch Williams, is the leading illustrated article of the number.

—Everett T. Tomlinson has, in the *Atlantic*, an article on "Reading for Boys and Girls," in which he calls attention to "the disappearance of the distinction between books for boys and those for girls." In a list of sixty-eight "favorite books" of a girl of twelve, made recently by a librarian, twenty-seven were books written specially for boys, only eight were books for girls, and all the rest were books adapted to either class. The cause, Mr. Tomlinson insists, is plain. Formerly girls remained indoors, worked samplers, and guarded their complexions; now they play golf and tennis with boys, and consequently read the same books. H. C. Whittlesey contributes an article on Sir Robert Hart, giving a good deal of curious information about the Chinese customs service and the Inspectorate-General. The mere fact that a trained Englishman has been able, in the last forty years, not merely to reform completely a branch of the Chinese service, but to create one where none existed before, and make it a main reliance of the Chinese Government, is a striking proof that the Chinaman is at bottom an ordinary human being, governed by the same motives and desires and manageable by the same means. What we read of China makes us hopeful even of ultimate pure government in Pennsylvania. William Garrott Brown's paper, "A Defence of American Parties," is based on an idea, now very common, that the Republicans are the heirs of the Federalists and are the party of action; while the Democrats are still Jeffersonian at heart and the party of ideas. Even Bryanism, so far as it "reflects character," is not essentially different "from any confessedly Democratic uprising of the past." This is certainly not the accepted view of Bryanism among "Jeffersonian Democrats." The whole matter is very much obscured nowadays by the confusion which exists between the party considered as a nominating "machine," and the party as a body of men held together by a common political object and faith. This confusion did not exist in the days of the Federalists and Jefferson. Such political contingencies as we have to face were not thought of, much less discussed, by Hamilton, Madison, or Jay. Mr. Bradford Torrey has a good article on Edward FitzGerald. It will console many an honest man who fails to be able to like and dislike according to established canons, to find that FitzGerald, certainly a man of most comprehensive intellectual sympathies, confessed that Goethe was a sealed book to him, never cared for Hawthorne, and found 'Gil Blas' uninteresting.

—In the *Century*, among the illustrated articles, is one on "Our Schools for the Stage," by Bronson Howard. It seems that we have no less than three such schools, the National Dramatic Conservatory, the Stanhope-Wheatcroft Dramatic School, and the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. With what Mr. Howard says of the dramatic art, and the necessity of teaching it, and its connection with and relation to nature, no one can quarrel; but we must warn the reader against the idea, which he seems to encourage, that this country is already established as the headquarters of the dramatic art. He speaks with considerable contempt of the Conservatoire, but there is pretty good acting at the Français, and Bernhardt and Coquelin compare favorably even with the graduates of the American Academy of the Dramatic Arts. Bishop Potter's article on "The Problem of the Philippines" seems to be an answer to his own question, "What will the Philippines do to us?" They seem to have converted him into an Imperialist, and also to have quite upset his moral ideas. Some hold us responsible for the war in the Philippines because we began it; others because we betrayed the Filipinos; Bishop Potter traces it entirely to "the blunder of the naval commander" who, after destroying the Spanish fleet in the harbor of Manila, failed to sail away. This is a new burden on the shoulders of poor Admiral Dewey, who was at least supposed to have obeyed orders, and it opens up a wide field for speculation. It seems that, "through" this blunder, we are fixed with a responsibility for what takes place in the Philippines for all time. We can assure the good Bishop that this is not the view of the Administration. Our responsibility for the Philippines rests solely on the Treaty of Paris, by which we bought them from Spain, and will terminate as soon as we have made another treaty selling them to somebody else. No writer on international law or publicist, from

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Grotius to Hanna, ever made the duty to subjugate a distant people depend on the blunder of an Admiral. The article confounds two entirely distinct things, our international responsibility—which arises from the Treaty of Paris and assertion of sovereignty under it, and, *e. g.*, makes us responsible to England, France, or Germany for the safety of the lives and property of their citizens—and the moral responsibility of certain individuals for the war of subjugation now going on in the Philippines. We might with entire consistency have impeached McKinley for his acts in connection with the war, and yet at the same time have acknowledged our international responsibility for order in Manila.

—*Harper's* contains W. D. Howells's "Some Literary Memories of Cambridge" and a first instalment of "Love Letters of Victor Hugo," with a reproduction of an original drawing by Hugo and a portrait. The love letters are introduced to the reader by Paul Meurice as the "letters of early manhood, virtue, love" of the 'Feuilles d'Automne'; but as Victor was but seventeen years old when the affair began, they are rather the letters of romantic precocious boyhood. It is a disadvantage that they are all on one side (Adèle Foucher's have been destroyed), and they arouse the reader's curiosity as to what her share in the correspondence was. Every one will find something in them that will strike his attention, and the diligent student of French novels will not fail to note that the inevitable suggestion of suicide, so dear to Gallic romance, is not wanting. "Suppose we were married to-morrow, and I were to kill myself the next day, I should have been happy for one day, and no one would have any reason to reproach you. You would be my widow. Would it not be possible, my Adèle, under certain circumstances, to arrange matters thus?" Mr. Howells gives a charming sketch of Professor Child, and has a good deal to say about Agassiz, Henry James the elder, Dana, author of 'Two Years before the Mast,' and John Holmes, the "Autocrat's" brother, of whom there is an excellent likeness. Indeed, the portraits, as a whole, are unusually life-like. The Cambridge which Mr. Howells describes is the Cambridge of thirty years or so ago, when he went there to win his spurs as editor of the *Atlantic*, before Harvard College was transformed into a university, and when the New England tradition was more vigorous than it is now. "Most Americans," he says, "have no standards of their own," but in Cambridge there still were standards, by means of which the Cantabrigians "rated the merit of new-comers." "Elect spirits," he calls them, and who shall say that they were not? Prof. W. O. Atwater has a second article on the temperance question ("Alcohol, Physiology, and Temperance Reform"), in the course of which he calls attention to the fact that the laws of all our States but two now require that physiology, with special reference to the effects of alcohol, shall be taught in the public schools, and criticises some of the instruction commonly given as contrary to science. He quotes an authorized textbook, for instance, as maintaining that alcohol, "in whatever quantity," is "not only a poison, but a narcotic poison," which, he says, is not true. He insists that what ought to be taught is temperance, not falsehoods about alcohol; but the "trend" of the hour is evidently the other way.

—'The Venetian Republic,' by W. Carew Hazlitt (Macmillan), is not simply a reprint of the work which appeared in 1860. It represents the author's third attempt to write a history of Venice. In 1858 he published a sketch in two volumes which, while it showed signs of promise, had been prepared too hurriedly and was filled with mistakes. Dissatisfied with the quality of this early effort, Mr. Hazlitt, after two more years of study, issued four volumes upon the same subject. The second book proved to be much better than the first, and, though somewhat uncritical, contained the fruit of wide reading. Like its predecessor, it was attacked on the score of inaccuracy, and it certainly bore the marks of inexperience. For instance, it did not distinguish with sufficient clearness between the value of one chronicle and that of another. Now, after forty years, a period during which he has produced a good many other books, Mr. Hazlitt returns to the Venetian Republic and presents a final edition in two volumes. "The text has profited by the result of mature experience so far as to be to a considerable extent rewritten." Moreover, says Mr. Hazlitt: "The present edition is the first complete one of the work, for it not only profits by the gradual and large accumulation of valuable particulars relative to Venetian history and institutions, but brings down the career of the republic to the abrupt close in 1797." Quite apart from the continuation of the narrative to 1797 and the improvement of special features in the work of 1860, Mr. Hazlitt finds good reason for reshaping his history in the vast volume of material relating to Venice which has been made accessible since the expulsion of the Austrians in 1866. To give two examples only: the 'Storia Documentata' of Romanin, and Rawdon Brown's 'Calendars of Venetian State Papers,' have placed new and grave responsibilities upon the historian of Venice. Assuming that it was within his power, Mr. Hazlitt should have rewritten his book completely. But this may seem like an ungracious remark, for, even as it stands, the present edition marks a long advance beyond the point reached in 1860. It contains an immense amount of information, and it sums up the thought and reading which an ardent lover of Venice has been able to devote to her during nearly half a century. We may add that it is printed in very handsome style.

—In reply to the recent clamors of victory on both sides of the Atlantic, M. Paul Lacombe utters a vehement protest against all warfare, which he entitles 'La Guerre et l'Homme' (Paris: Georges Bellais). He takes especial delight in stirring up his readers with paradox, in playing at ninepins with the most prescriptively respectable opinions concerning the ennobling effects of war and the courage of men therein, and in flouting the cheap self-deception of nations passionately eager to justify their iniquitous victories. The whole volume is a commentary, humorous but stinging, on Jingoism that hands the sword to others, as well as an arraignment of leaders, whether civil or military, who involve nations in the alternative calamities of triumph or defeat. Viewed in this light, war cannot obtain sanction from morality or religion; the holiness of a cause is treated as a mockery. Much of what the author advances is superfluous, because abundantly familiar. On the philosophical side, most of his arguments were long since definitively formulated by Mill. The merit of his book consists, therefore, in the interesting originality of its tactics, and in the supporting of every position with facts of recent occurrence. Of this method the reader may judge in the chapter on military courage, which M. Lacombe's discussion reduces to an almost non-existent, negligible quantity. The chapter entitled "Les Martyrs" should be hailed with enthusiasm in Cuba, the Philippines, and the late South African Republic.

## COUES'S 'DIARIO' OF GARCÉS.

*On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer*: The Diary and Itinerary of Francisco Garcés (Missionary Priest) in his Travels through Sonora, Arizona, and California, 1775-1776. Translated from an official contemporaneous copy of the original Spanish manuscript, and edited, with copious critical notes, by Elliot Coues, editor of Lewis and Clark, of Pike, of Henry and Thomoson, Fowler Journal, Larpenteur, etc., etc. Eighteen maps, views, and facsimiles. Two vols., pp. xxx+608. New York: Francis P. Harper. 1900.

Dr. Coues's swan-song, this: the chosen labor upon which he entered in full vigor in 1898, but completed in his last months of conscious doom and unremitting torments. He pursued it almost to his last hour, under a burden that would have crushed a lesser man out of all semblance of scientific endeavor. We owe much, it is true, to the almost comparable devotion and skill of his younger collaborator—*por mas señas* now next in line of succession; but this definitive edition of the valuable Diario of Fray Francisco must have fallen far short had its editor been of less than heroic mould. It is an *obra maestra* finished and polished at the very stake. There is a fine congruity to be noted. Irreconcilable as were their tongues, their times, their creeds, vocations, horizons, there was a certain strict bond between the footsore, narrow, commonplace-spoken martyr-missionary, Apostle of the Yumas and Papagos, and our broad, scholarly, heretic, fiery and eloquent Apostle of Truth-Documentary. "My only genius is the genius of hard work," said Dr. Coues sincerely. That genius was Garcés's, too. But each had a higher and nowadays a rarer talent—the genius of believing in something hard enough to work for it even unto death. It is by this crusader impulse, on lines apparently so divergent, in fact so parallel, that they wrought, each in his circumstance, such labors as to other men in their selfsame activities seem not Herculean but rather impossible. Each toiled and died at least for the *santa fé* as he saw it. If one's version was ecclesiastic, the other's scientific, they were equal in devotion to their ideals and their campaign for the "conversion of the Gentiles." Of his own faith, perhaps, Dr. Coues has never made more characteristic confession than in his introduction to this work (p.xx):

"Bearing acutely in mind the Italian saying that the translator is the traducer, I have tried my best to prove an exception to that rule. Where I have wished to abuse my gentle and most lovable author for his

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fanaticism, his bigotry, his ecclesiasticism (as they seem to me), I have done it in my notes; in my text always holding his words themselves in a sort of superstitious awe of my own, just as he did his holy religion. My aim has been to translate Garcés literally, punctually, even with scrupulosity"—

which well might serve as the gospel of all translators.

Fray Francisco Garcés was a typical Franciscan missionary of the last century. Aragonés by birth, he came to the New World a young priest, and entered, in 1763, the historic college at Querétaro, which mothered the evangelization (and largely the exploration) of so enormous a share of the North American wilderness. In 1768 he became resident priest at San Xavier del Bac, Sonora (now Arizona), that splendid temple amid the desert before which the most sated traveller stands astonished. In that same year (being 30) he began those *entradas* which are translatable only in terms of his time, for we have no synonyms nowadays. They were apostolic invasions of a heathen wilderness; on foot, generally alone, unless for a half-strange Indian or so, among savage tribes and across trackless and mortal wastes which, even in these railroad days, claim annually their victims by thirst. The first *entrada* (1768) was only sixty leagues—a mere bagatelle for a clergyman to tramp. The second (1770) was ninety leagues; the third (1771), 300 leagues; the fourth (1774) over 500 leagues; the fifth and last, with which Dr. Coues's exegesis is principally concerned, a matter of 900 leagues. Nothing could be more modest than the fraile's record of these tremendous achievements. His lonely tramps were far longer and far harder than Doniphan's justly famous march, or that of Stevenson's Regiment; longer even than the path-findings of Lewis and Clark or Frémont, and as perilous. To such as really know the dangers and hardships of his itinerary, even in this mitigated day, nothing in his pithy chronicle is more impressive than his silence about the inevitable sufferings. We might fancy, so far as he complains, that his walks abroad were over such landscapes as we commonly know—wherever you will, a grateful tree to ward the infernal sun; wherever you must, a cool brook to relieve swollen lips. As a matter of fact, to follow his precise trail, even now, would mean such hardship as few men face. How little self-pity invades his record we are somewhat reminded by his editor, who prints under Garcés's simple line "a difficult road . . . . and another worse one," our sturdy Lieut. Ives's two pages of graphic but unexaggerated account of *his* entry to Cataract Cañon, eighty-two years later (p. 336). And the cañon is not a circumstance to the grisly desert through which Garcés trudged lonely and uncharted.

Nor does his editor "make much" of this heroism (and that "heroism" is none too strong a word, those know who have nearest measured). Dr. Coues does not even employ the flying-wedge of summary. It is rather impressive for us to add up the 5,000 miles of Sahara that Garcés covered in his five *entradas;* and no less so to remember his category. His was no unprecedented trail, for a Franciscan pioneer. Fray Marcos de Niza (1539), Fray Juan de Padilla (1540-42), Fray Sylvestre Velez de Escalante (about whose *entradas* Dr. Coues had planned his next editing), Fray Junípero Serra (1769), and many other sons of St. Francis, besides such Jesuits as Kino, had equalled his mileage, and several outstripped his sufferings. Very many of them were, like him, martyred by the savage flocks to whom they had vowed their lives. Garcés was slaughtered in the Yuma massacre of 1781. Like his fellows, too, he was as useful to the record as to our standards of heroism. All kept their chronicles. That to this day the documents of Southwestern history are so inaccessible to our average students is because we have not found Coueses enough to keep up with the old Garcéses. No more and no less than many others whose names are still caviare to the general, Garcés is an inseparable "source" for any large comprehension of the early history and ethnography of our first-settled domain.

Though Kino had long preceded him, he was one of the first Caucasians to come overland to the mouth of the Colorado, or to cross from mid-Arizona to mid-California. He twice trudged across that hideous reach (now rather disconcerting in a Pullman) between Tucson and the California Missions. He was the first white man to visit the Grand Cañon of Arizona from the west; to make that ghastly trip from about Ft. Mojave to the Moqui villages; to describe that strange human-rabbited hole-in-the-ground of Cataract Cañon (though, as Dr. Coues well points out, it is highly probable that Cárdenas, Coronado's captain who discovered the Grand Cañon in 1540, came also even here from the other direction). Garcés was also discoverer, so far as we know, of the Mojave River, that most striking type of the desert stream; born amid pines and trout, but never "getting anywhere"—for it dies by inches in its bed, amid drifts of sand and alkali. He was also probably the first Caucasian to see many points since historic in our own winning of the West—including that providential crossing of the sixth greatest stream on the Continent (and largest of its many "Red Rivers"), where now more travellers pass every year than there were Caucasians within two thousand miles of Garcés at any time in the last thirteen years of his career. Here was the "strenuous life" on a finer key—muscled not by prancing but by enduring (and alone) such hardships as none of our armies of conquest ever dreamed of; kept alert not by shooting down but by lifting up; and crowned with a proportionate mortality no modern battle ever paralleled.

Into so congenial a theme Dr. Coues has plunged with his inalienable scholarship and fervor, and from it emerged with his expected victory. It is late, of course, to refer to his quenchless industry. The translation and annotation of this one work are in themselves the making of a reputation. The magnitude of the task in so thorough searching and digestion of records; the mastery and vitality of the presentment; the intimate and winning personality of it; the acute, "hard sense" of it; his familiarity with the topographies involved (for he travelled nearly all of them, a generation ago, as a frontier post-surgeon in army "ambulances" and with those keen eyes); the breadth, the fearlessness, the biting edge of his comment, and yet its equity and generous manhood—in fact, all the scholarship and all the humanity which charmed us in 'Lewis and Clark' or 'Fowler,' are here and at their full stature.

The version of the 'Diario' which Dr. Coues has followed is a clerical copy of not later than 1785 and, presumably, from Garcés's holograph; and he has checked this by another scribe's copy and the ill-printed version in the 'Documentos para la Historia de Mexico' (second series, volume i.). He also draws wisely upon the 'Rudo Ensayo,' Arricivita's 'Crónica Seráfica,' and Ortega's 'Apostólicos Afanes'—the last for a valuable appendix chapter on that earlier and more famous missionary hero, "the Apostle of the Pimas," the Jesuit Eusebio Francisco Kino (Kühne).

"Todo á fuerza de hacha," said a wiry, withered little Mexican woman to the reviewer, with an inclusive gesture over the picturesque rancho she had fairly wreaked with her own hand from a cañon of the Sierra San Mateo. She, too, had a certain "genius of hard work." Dr. Coues's translation is a rather like conquest. It is almost literally "by force of the axe"—albeit an axe of most shrewd edge and lexicographic temper. By no means at home in Spanish, spoken or written, he has hewn his way through this vast chaparral with a success which can hardly fail to astonish those who best knew the task and his equipment. A stranger would be prepared for almost anything from a translator who starts off (p. xxii) with:

> "To my limited vision, the use of accents in Spanish seems a freakish thing, and very largely an affair of grammatical supererogation. It is al-most al-ways a mat-ter of indicating enunciátion or stress of voice, and not pronunciátion, and ordinarily quite as superfluous."

In fact, this is one of the exquisite precisions of the language. The laws of Spanish pronunciation *are* strict; and every exception can be, and is, fully charted by an accent. The Spanish punctuals are never supererogatory. They are always essential. They not only mark an exception to the rule; they convey all the explanation necessary. If we might so simply cleave a royal road to the infallible pronunciation of English!

As he frankly states, in the strenuous endeavor to give a "word-for-word translation," Dr. Coues has made often "pretty rough English, . . . sometimes strained almost to the point of rupture." His theory is correct; but at times he carries it resentably far. It is never in the highest sense literal to violate idiom. Garcés never wrote anything so awkward as "Go dressed do these Indians," and many like inverted orders. "Antique acquaintances" is too "literal" to be literate, and often there is looseness as extreme. *Hizimos alto* (p. 271) is not "made the ascent," but made a halt, *alto* being the technical word, with sentinels or stage-robbers, for "Halt!" *Frente Negra* is not "black face," but black brow. *Un Alto* (p. 95) is not "an elevation," but a storey. *Caballada* is never "cavalry," but horseherd—the cowboy's "cavvyard." *Mas de espacio* is "more leisurely," not "after a rest." *Cuentas* cannot be translated "shells" (*conchas*). It means beads. Some of those in point were *cut from* shells, and some from spar. *Hizo señas de escopeta* is "made signs of a gun" (of a special sort), not of "shooting." *Viva guerra* is "lively," not "open war"—the Spanish idiom agreeing strictly with ours. *Cortado*, of a river, means not "dry" but "cut down"—as we

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should say, "shrunken." Of hair, *suelto* is not "long" but loose. One of the first lessons of the beginner in Spanish is "how vast a difference can Be 'twixt" *ser* and *estar*. *Estamos buenos* (p. 438) cannot possibly say "We are good." It is inevitably "We are well." *En las memorias antiguas* (p. 139) is not just "traditionally," but "in the old memoirs (or accounts)." *Corazon* is "heart," never "ghost." There are too many of these verbal ineptitudes, but none more serious than the examples cited.

*Pa're* (for *padre*, p. 287), is almost universal among the Spanish-smattering Indians of the Southwest, as *ma're, compa're*, etc.; and *paderon* (p. 212), with its ancestral *pader*, for *paredon* and *pared*, a fixed provincialism, not confined to Indians. Few Mexicans in the Territories would understand you if you called a wall *pared*. There are many curious instances of this provincial transposition of consonants—as "Grabiel" for Gabriel; "cabresto" for *cabestro;* "patarabo" for *taparabo*—awaiting the Spanish-American dictionary which does not exist, and which some such collaboration as by Mr. Hodge and Mr. Tipton should yet give us.

Of failing to catch the drift of a phrase or sentence, there are a few serious examples. The Indian wizard who *tenia havilidad de volverse remolino* (157) is not said to have "managed to come to life again in some mysterious manner," but to have "had the ability to turn himself into a *remolino*," *i. e.*, one of those little, waltzing whirlwinds so characteristic of the Southwest, and known to frontiersmen of our speech as "sand-augers." Strayings from the essential trail are particularly notable on pp. 211, 230 (a serious one on *gente*), 442, 466, 502, etc. Misprints are few—like "Tezozamo" for *Tezozomoc;* "piesa" for *priesa;* "Dieguinos" for *Diegueños;* "media dia" for *mediodia*. Of errors of fact there are almost none. The Santa Clara, of Ventura County, Cal., instead of being "a large river," can be jumped by a cat. The Tejon is not "the best-known pass over the Tehachepi." It was, in the days of the Butterfield overland stages from St. Louis to San Francisco; but now a hundred thousand passengers a year cross the Tehachepi who never even heard of Tejon Pass. Nor has the Sierra Madre behind San Bernardino any kinship, of orography or nomenclature, with the northern Sierra Nevada.

We may always trust Dr. Coues to fetch us humor as well as learning; and there is no disappointment here. Whether it be an indignant Anti-Imperial outburst (p. 470), or where (p. 514) he falls foul of an immodest pretender who has dallied disastrously with Coronado's itinerary, or in his not quite judicial but always pungent diatribes against "The Church," he always compels sympathy if not conviction. The most telling and most important of these characteristic diversions is that which shows how dangerous it is even for a scholar *meterse en lo que no le toca*. Lieut. (later Gen.) J. H. Simpson, whose generic work merits (and here receives) the warmest praise, and who was easily foremost of our mid-century "American" explorers of the Southwest, is made the "terrible example." On pp. 376, 478 his really astounding "facsimiles" and still worse translations (with the unartful aid of territorial "official translators") of the old Spanish entries on El Morro ("Inscription Rock") furnish Dr. Coues a rare and merry text. A real facsimile of one of Simpson's guess-similes is confronted with a photograph, and the result is startling. By a curious irony of fate, and without human malice, the same 5x8 negative which preserves the true (and historically precious) "Letrado inscription" (1632), also includes the legend carved in the same memorial cliff in 1849 by Lieut. Simpson, who so inconceivably bungled Letrado and all the other inscriptions he copied.

Too much can hardly be said for the compact, exhaustive, and authoritative connotation (mostly ethnographic) of Dr. Coues's collaborator, Mr. Frederick Webb Hodge of the Bureau of Ethnology, to whom also we owe more of the final polish than appears. His footnotes are very nearly a model of what such work may and should be. One of the few discords of the 'Garcés' is, indeed, that Dr. Coues spells "Moqui," "Navajo," and such-like words after the historic and etymologic plan; while Mr. Hodge, as must an official of the Bureau which invented the parvenu cacographies, writes "Moki," "Navaho," and other phonetic upstart forms, indefensible by any rule we recognize in scientific nomenclature. Such rule would be, briefly, that such spellings shall follow either derivation or a clearer scheme of pronunciation. These do neither. Moqui and Navajo are Spanish words, known to us only from that source. There is no *k* in Spanish; and *h* is silent, while in "Navaho" it misrepresents the most violent of aspirates. The student knows, the layman can learn, how to pronounce Moqui and Navajo, for they are by an invariable key; no one knows how to pronounce "Moki" and "Navaho" unless he has learned directly or indirectly from the historic spelling. There is neither learning nor consistency in these closet spellings, which "English" a few forms and leave the rest untouched. If Moqui must be "Moki," why should "Soonyi" remain Zuñi? And so on through hundreds of words. Mr. Hodge errs in dating Laguna from "1689, when the first documentary mention of the pueblo seems to have been made." That 1689 document is unquestionably and prima-facie spurious—an ignorant forgery of mysterious motive. Laguna was first settled "en fines del año de 1697." It "submitted" to Gov. Cubero, and by him was named, July 4, 1699.

The blemishes of these two fine volumes have been searchingly and frankly noted. If we might wish them spared, they do not alter the fact that the 'Garcés' is a worthy last legacy from a man whose whole active career was a testament to knowledge; the fit closing chapter of one who, surpassed by one only as a critic therein, leaves no exact substitute, and had no full peer in vitalizing American documentary research.

## MORE WORKS ON CHINA.

*China's Only Hope:* An Appeal by her greatest Viceroy, Chang Chih-tung, with the sanction of the present Emperor, Kwang Su. Translated from the Chinese edition by Samuel I. Woodbridge. Introduction by Griffith John, D.D. Fleming H. Revell Company. 1900. Pp. 152.

*China and Christianity.* By Alexander Michie, author of 'Missionaries in China.' Boston: Knight & Millet. 1900. Pp. xvi, 232.

*China's Open Door:* A Sketch of Chinese Life and History. By Rounsevelle Wildman, Consul-General of the United States at Hong Kong. With an introduction by Charles Denby, formerly United States Minister to China. Illustrated. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Company. 1900. Pp. xvi, 318.

Of these three books, the first is by far the shortest and also by far the most valuable. Very few, it can be safely said, of the multitudinous books which the present crisis has brought forth can pretend to equal it in interest and importance; for it is a thoroughly first-hand document, and that from the Chinese side. It was written by the Viceroy of Hupeh and Hunan in literary Chinese—as addressed to the literati—shortly after China had been so hopelessly overthrown by Japan, and while the Emperor Kwang Su was in the midst of his magnificent, if brief, iconoclastic career. The independence of a Chinese viceroy is strikingly shown by the fact that, while the young Emperor was beaten back to heel by his imperious aunt with a difference, Chang Chih-tung, secure in the protection of his own troops, still reigns at Hankow. And this was not because his book failed of effect. At least a million copies were scattered over the empire; it was received by the literati with enthusiasm; and it was an unlucky result from it in great part that there came the recoil, the *coup d'état* of the Empress Dowager, the whole "clear out the foreigner" policy of Prince Tuan, and the present situation. Of the accuracy of this translation, we are not in a position to judge. Both the translator and the introducer lay stress on the perfect literary style of the original; in this form, there is certainly none. The version also is of the freest, so far as the employment of Western idioms and allusions is concerned; but there is a weight of originality and verity about the whole which seems to guarantee the exactitude of the substance, if not of the garb.

Especially, Chang Chih-tung himself stands out clearly. He has a directness of thought and speech which sometimes verges on crudeness, but mostly has the ring of the primeval man. His vision is clear; his energy that of a steam-engine; his thoroughness more philosophical, if less sweeping, than that of his unfortunate master. Above all, the book is sincere. It has no touch of pseudo-civilized cant. We can imagine the writer developing crotchets; he may be liable to be influenced by others; he will always be transparently honest. This sounds almost impossible of a Chinese official, but it seems to be true of this viceroy. All foreigners who know him apparently agree that on him, all unstable as he may possibly be, lies the burden of provincial China, and that he carries that burden with courage, loyalty, devotion, and honesty. In him, the avarice of his fellows is utterly lacking, and that alone puts him in a class by himself.

It may be taken as certain that in what such a man as this has to say to his countrymen, the hope for the future of China must lie. His reform will not be thrust on the nation from the outside; it will not consist of monkey-like imitations or an anarchistic clean sweep. It will not be prefaced by a wail over the wicked foreigner, the evil things he has brought and deeds he has done. Rather Chang Chih-tung turns upon his countrymen like a Hebrew prophet, and tells them that these things are so because

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they and their fathers have sinned. One hundred and fifty years ago China should have opened its doors and gone out to see what the rest of the world was doing; then it would have grown up with that outside world. Fifty years ago it should have received foreigners when they came and should have learned from them. Now the mischief is done; the country is on the verge of economic ruin through pride, ignorance, and sloth. And it is at the door of the literati especially that all this lies.

His remedy is threefold. First, the reigning dynasty must be maintained. Chang Chih-tung is effusively loyal, and that is the only possible touch of insincerity in his book. Yet it may be true devotion to the reforming Emperor, and it is certainly most intelligible disgust with all the peace societies, republican movements, and lack of patriotic spirit which threaten the unity and existence of the country. Secondly, Confucianism must be conserved. It is the foundation of everything, and there is nothing in the Western learning that disagrees with it. Thirdly, the Chinese race must be protected. This can be done only by knowledge, which, for Chang Chih-tung at least, is power. The knowledge of the West must be acquired, applied, and spread through the whole country. No one should shrink from the peoples of the West and say that they are brutes and do not possess the Three Moral Obligations. They have, even though differing in details from China, the relation of father and son, of sovereign and subject, and of husband and wife. Nor have they abolished altogether the idea of etiquette. From this very necessary fooling we may pass to the details by which knowledge is to be gained. There must be intercourse by travel—always after the principles have been well formed by Confucian study. Schools must be established and properly graded and regulated. Foreign books must be translated; this may be done most speedily in the first instance through Japanese. The newspaper press must be developed. Railways and roads are essential. The army must be maintained, reformed, and strengthened. There must be absolute religious toleration. Opium must be got rid of; it and isolation are the two causes of China's downfall. On this point Chang Chih-tung is in the unhappy position of a temperance reformer with us who does not believe in prohibition. The mass of officials and politicians regard him as a crank; the missionaries bewail his slackness in the cause, for he does not believe in sweeping opium out by force. In all these things, then, the efforts must be steady, persistent, and well planned. There are interesting touches of criticism—more allusions than anything else—of former spasmodic and short-lived attempts in these directions; probably the reader of the original has an advantage here. It is remarkable, however, that from beginning to end there is no blame of the foreigner either for land-grabbing, missions, or opium. The onus is put squarely upon China itself.

After a genuine work of such weight as this, our other two books seem thin and commonplace. Mr. Michie was for nearly twenty years correspondent of the *Times* at Pekin, and his book was printed some few years ago at Tientsin. It is essentially an attempt to look at the missionary movement from the Chinese side, and to draw from that some ideas as to how Christianity may best and with least friction be introduced to the Chinese people. Its basis, to some extent, is found in Chinese state papers, and, so far, it has considerable interest and value. But Mr. Michie has also criticisms and suggestions of his own, which are hardly of the same importance. He is somewhat given to speculation and to the drawing or, rather, suggesting of parallels—a diversion of the amateur historical student. But the present case has passed beyond such vanities and demands the hardest of facts. For one thing we are grateful to him—that he has laid stress on the obligation which lies on missionary societies to send out as their agents men of liberal education, of catholic sympathy, of observing power, and of common sense. There have been men of the finest abilities in mission work, but, among the crowd, they have been and are too few.

Mr. Wildman is badly handicapped with the friend whom he has called in to bless him. It would take a man of much greater authority than Mr. Denby to make us believe that this book "will take its place in literature next to Dr. Williams's 'Middle Kingdom' as a digest of information on China." It will not take any place in literature, and the information in it is of no amazing newness or variety. One thing undoubtedly it has: it reads most entertainingly. Practice as a journalist has enabled Mr. Wildman to develop a style that is clever to the point of flippancy. And so, if any one wishes to spin lightly through a semi-comic history of China, let him turn hither. The title is a good deal of a misnomer, and stamps the book as written to catch the flying hour. The book really is an account of a very tightly shut door, and how it was slowly battered open—a highly subjective account, but perhaps, as true as any other. By way of introduction, come a couple of chapters on Chinese characteristics, which are not superficial, as the writer fears, so much as sketchy. After the history come two other chapters; one on the commercial outlook, the best in the book, and full of very sound sense, if not encouraging to the hopeful trader; the other, a description of Canton, serving no special purpose, except as an unintended foil to Mr. Kipling's infinitely more brilliant and suggestive picture. Finally, we have Mr. Denby's description of Pekin, and a chapter on the Boxer rising, to bring everything to date.

*Through the First Antarctic Night*, 1898-1899: A narrative of the Voyage of the *Belgica*. By Frederick A. Cook, M.D. Doubleday & McClure Co. 1900. 8vo, xxiv. 578 pp. Illustrated.

The Belgian Antarctic expedition had its origin in the interest and energy of Lieut. Adrien de Gerlache, who, by means of private subscriptions and the financial aid of the Belgian Government, succeeded in collecting the sixty thousand dollars which were essential to the most restricted outfit. The vessel selected was the Norwegian sealer *Patria*, rechristened the *Belgica*, a stanch vessel of 250 tons, barque-rigged, with moderate steam-power. She proved admirably adapted to resisting ice-pressures, but the scarcity of funds prevented any such alterations as might have furnished protection from the condensation of aerial humidity during the long Antarctic night—a defect which probably had a material influence on the health as well as the comfort of the party. In other ways the outfit was insufficient for serious emergencies, and to good luck is due the fact that the explorers escaped suffering from this cause.

The party under the command of De Gerlache was composed of Belgians, Norwegians, Russians, a Rumanian, and an American, Dr. Cook, the surgeon, anthropologist, and author of this volume, who had had some Arctic experience with Peary. Altogether there were seven officers and twelve men, of whom seventeen returned; one man having been lost overboard in a gale before reaching the ice, and Lieut. Danco, the magnetician, having died of an organic disease of the heart aggravated by the anæmia due to the depressing influence of the long Polar night.

The *Belgica* left Ostend, August 24, 1897, and reached Rio de Janeiro, October 22. Punta Arenas in Magellan Strait was the real point of departure from men and mails. Thence the expedition proceeded to the Dirk Gerritz archipelago, due south of the Falkland Islands, and, crossing Bransfield Strait, which separates the line of the south Shetland Islands from what was formerly known as Palmer Land, entered an imperfectly charted region where the principal additions to geography made by this expedition are located. A waterway named Belgica Strait by Gerlache, but which is probably the Bismarck Strait of earlier explorers, was mapped in considerable detail, and is bordered by some five hundred miles of shore line. The chart furnished by Dr. Cook is on such a minute scale that it would be unprofitable to attempt a comparison with earlier maps. It appears, however, that the work has been carefully done and much that is new recorded.

The land about Belgica Strait is covered with a permanent ice-cap from which ice descends by every depression to the sea level. The visible land is in the form of nunataks, or of sea-cliffs, with talus beaches here and there. The direction of the strait is northeast and southwest, nearly parallel with the general trend of the South Shetlands. The country rock was found to be ancient crystalline granite, and greenstone, but, in the morainic material, fragments of metamorphic sedimentary formations and various other rocks were discovered. The numerous soundings taken are among the most valuable data collected by the expedition, and bring out the existence of a continental plateau which seems to have its periphery at about the 300-fathom line. This circumstance points to a land-depression of about 200 fathoms, since the normal depth in other regions averages about 100 fathoms for a submerged continental border. Between Cape Horn and the South Shetlands the depth is at least 1,500 fathoms. Completely as the ice now covers the land, the conclusion was reached, from a study of the submarine topography, that it formerly had an even greater extent.

A single grass, found sparsely in sheltered crannies, is the only flowering plant, but several mosses, fresh-water algæ, and rock lichens were noted in favorable situations. A few insects of a low type and minute size are the only strictly terrestrial animals, while a few of the ubiquitous rotifers, infusoria, and rhizopods find shelter in the algæ which exist on stones wet by glacial drip. No mention is made of any edible seafishes; the chief food of the seals and pen-

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guins is stated to be a shrimp of the genus Euphausia. Even the scanty land fauna that exists, is thought by the naturalist of the expedition to be immigrational from other lands, while the indigenous fauna of the preglacial continent was entirely destroyed by the ice. Sea-fowl were numerous in Belgica Strait, and the gulls and penguins seem to inhabit the region throughout the year, as do three varieties of the hair-seal and at least two cetaceans. The only mollusks noted are limpets. The constant friction of the ice along the shores keeps the rocks clean of algæ, which are chiefly represented by Diatomacea and other minute forms, which sometimes are numerous enough to give a yellowish coloration to the ice.

Leaving the strait, the vessel was pushed into the ice to the southwest, skirting the western border of Grahamland, and, finally becoming beset, was held there for over a year. At a time when it seemed as if release was hopeless, the party succeeded in cutting a canal through half a mile of ice, and on the 14th of March, 1899, the *Belgica* was freed from the clutches of the pack. While beset, the scientific observations were steadily carried on, and the health of the party was fairly good. The long Polar night of seventy days weighed heavily on the spirits of the party, all of whom suffered from an anæmic depression, weakened circulation, indigestion, etc., which is graphically described by Dr. Cook. Much of it was quite as much mental as physical, and it is probable that changes in the food supply, based on the experiences of this expedition, may enable future parties to avoid the difficulty to some extent. That it is not a purely mental phenomenon is shown by the fact that the pet cat suffered from similar symptoms, lost her amiability, and finally died without showing indications of any other disease. Any party undertaking long-continued Antarctic exploration must reckon with similar difficulties. The persistently stormy and overcast weather rendered it impossible to take that exercise on the ice which might have warded off much of the trouble, as is indicated by the rapid increase in strength and revival of spirits during the long and tedious labor of sawing out the ice-canal through which freedom was ultimately attained.

The meteorological, magnetic, and hydrographic results of the expedition will prove of extreme importance in connection with the physics of the globe and the preparations for future exploration. The highest meed of praise is due to the *Belgica* party for extracting from such an unfavorable environment all that their opportunities permitted, with persistent courage and endurance.

To the Antarctic experiences Dr. Cook adds some interesting references to the aborigines of the Fuegian region, and a multitude of excellent illustrations, chiefly from photographs. We could have wished for a better map of the region visited, but the only serious criticism of the work relates to the translation of the reports on the general results of the expedition in the appendix. This should have been revised by some competent authority, as part of it is really almost incomprehensible from the imperfections of the English in which it is written. The same may be said of the legends of several of the scientific plates. What, for instance, is the meaning of "Mosseo Andreae a laxifolia" (p. 202), and why should a shrimp be called a "plant" (p. 423)?

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*Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes.* Translated and Illustrated by Isaac Taylor Headland of Peking University. Fleming H. Revell Co.

This book comes with all the flavor of a piquant and relishable sauce, to vary a monotonous diet. We have heard so much about the Chinese destroying their own offspring that it is delightful to find rich evidences of parental affection. These abound in such rhymes as "Sweeter than Sugar," "Little Fat Boy," "Baby is Sleeping," and scores of others. Here are over a hundred nursery ditties selected by the translator out of his store of six hundred or more, gathered from only two out of the eighteen provinces of China. He utters his belief that the Chinese have more of these pretty jingles than can be found in England and America. The field, so far from being gleaned, has hardly been more than touched with the sickle of research.

The book itself, as a piece of work for the holidays, is worthy of all praise. It is covered with paper lithographed in many colors. The design on the outside shows the Chinese boys at many kinds of play, under the pine trees and by the rocks. Within, every leaf of the thick paper contains in light-blue ink the same design of frolicking youngsters. On each page is first the Chinese text of the rhymes, then a most minutely appropriate photographic reproduction of Chinese child life, the subject being pat to the theme, and finally the English translation, all set in a black border of dragon-supported pillars holding up a temple-roof. Many of the initial letters are funny enough, containing a girl's foot, a bowl of rice with chopsticks, a cow, a dog, a cat, a snail, a pagoda, or something else to amuse the children. The babies' faces, whether in the groups on the first and last page—one containing seventeen hundred faces, and the other a couple of hundred noddles and nudities—are appealing. Altogether the book is a wonderful revelation of home life in China. It will delight every one who loves children. On page 35 are three bars of Chinese music, which, as we have proved on the piano, is thoroughly characteristic.

Examining the translations, we find them very clever indeed, both as to the use of simple words—mostly monosyllables, and of nursery vocabulary—while yet making good rhyme. Nevertheless, we think Mr. Headland has hardly caught, certainly to our mind not fully expressed, the admirable imitation in the original of the mild jig-jig motion on mother's or father's knee, while baby is being dandled. The Chinese text has admirable repetitions of the same characters and sounds, which, except in the rhyme on page 48, "Patty-cake, patty-cake," and a very few others, the author has scarcely reproduced. Apart from this criticism, however, it may be said that Mr. Headland has transferred to us not only the color of the petals, but in most cases the sweet aroma of these flowers of home song. We are inclined to believe that these are his best results out of many trials, and a capital selection out of his store of six hundred. Naturally the greater number we have found under any one of the heads deal with the five fingers and toes on each limb. These, whether under the figure of cows, sheep, or big and little brothers or members of the family, old, young, or gone to market, are powerful elements of education to "the baby new to earth and sky." Some of the rhymes interpret what the cows, the dogs, and the cocks are saying. Others point to the spiders, the lady-bug, and various insects and animals. Many relate to food and hunger, and not a few to such rudimentary actions as patting, grabbing, tickling, washing; and a number to various occupations in which papa, mamma, and nurse are concerned. How far such a full collection might be used teleologically, could be fairly estimated only when all the data were in. How far the author intended to preach or withhold preaching, is not to be here suggested, but the spirit of the rhyme "Of what use is a girl" is very different from "My big son, my own boy . . . fills my soul with joy." Altogether this book serves the double purpose of opening a great bright window into the joyousness of the Chinese home, while it also belongs in the storehouse of those really informing books which teach us the true life of a people.

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*On the Exercise of Judgment in Literature.* By W. Basil Worsford. [The Temple Primers.] London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: The Macmillan Company. 1900.

This latest addition to the "International Primer-Cyclopædia" is an unusually satisfactory exposition of the difficult and dangerous theme of literary criticism. As we might expect, this little book—being the work of a man who has already written not only a more elaborate study of the principles of criticism, but upon a subject so actual and contemporary as South Africa—is sound in scholarship, careful and clear in thought, and admirably wise and moderate in its conclusions. The general reader who wishes to approach literature intelligently, and the hard-driven scholar or writer who wishes a fructifying nucleus for his thought, should be equally grateful that Mr. Worsfold has made it possible to obtain so much in ninety readable pages. The slim volume contains a sound statement of the differentiæ of the arts, an exposition of the philosophical ground of literature, an account of the general course of critical theory from Plato and Aristotle to Matthew Arnold and George Meredith, sensible directions towards a practical critical method, and clear and discriminating observations upon the various forms of literature, upon the classical and romantic methods, and upon style. The romantic, impressionistic, and individualistic schools of criticism bulk very small in Mr. Worsfold's estimation. His general notion of the art of criticism is clearly in the Aristotelian tradition; he regards it as the analytic play of the mind upon a piece of literature to determine the essential truth of its matter, the formal symmetry of its manner, and its power of giving rational and universal pleasure. Inasmuch as his point of view is so avowedly influenced by Aristotle's, it is a little strange that his bibliography should not contain those two notable pieces of æsthetic philosophizing so illuminative of their immediate subject, and so suggestive of the right method of all critical procedure, the essays upon the 'Poetics,' by Cardinal Newman and by Mr. S. H. Butcher. One cannot but fancy that had these been among the chief authorities, one or two of the paragraphs might

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perhaps have been a little more satisfactory.

In so compact a treatment of a subject so complex, it is, of course, impossible to avoid short-cut statements which will leave something to be desired, but we must deprecate such compression when it causes the omission of æsthetic facts of the first magnitude. Mr. Worsfold tells us, for example (p. 85), that "the characteristic motive of tragedy is the exhibition of man in unsuccessful conflict with circumstances." And, again, "In the Elizabethan drama this undeserved suffering is rather connected with contemporary circumstances." He nowhere mentions the characteristic motive of Shaksperian tragedy, the tragic fault of weakness, of error, or of actual sin, which, as in "Hamlet," "Lear," or "Macbeth," brings down upon the hero the cumulative reaction of his own deeds, ending in final disaster. It is true, of course, that a large part of the pleasure we take in tragedy comes from the deep thrill of human sympathy with "undeserved suffering," but why overlook those aspects of tragedy by which this is lightened, by which we are helped to "see into the life of things"? At page 74 Mr. Worsfold says: "It is by the presentation of a final picture of universal gloom, into which no ray of hope is allowed to penetrate, that the dramatic artist produces that artificial excitation of the emotions of the spectator to which the special humanizing effect of tragedy is due." This overlooks altogether those notable final scenes of Shaksperian tragedy which bring the action back to the broad level of life, which show how the bloody expiation of the tragic fault has healed feuds, established kingdoms, and restored the broken order. On the whole, however, considering the purpose of a brief manual, such as this, Mr. Worsfold has done well in not pursuing too far this line of idealistic criticism, which in unskilful hands so easily becomes dogmatic or doctrinaire.

The chief merit of the essay is its admirable eclecticism. While, as has been said, the general course of the thought is Aristotelian, the author contrives to give his reader some notion of the essential qualities of all the important schools of criticism. We take away from his work a very wholesome feeling of the wonderful range and diversity of literature, and of the criticism upon it. But the hospitable eclecticism which makes this possible is far from invertebrate. In the case of literature, Mr. Worsfold keeps clearly in mind the essential unity amid all the variety; and in the case of criticism he makes the reader see the significance of the existence of the various schools. He thus equips one to whom some inborn taste and some range of reading must be granted by hypothesis, to judge not only books, but the formal criticisms which have been passed upon them. In other words, he will help one to think for himself in literary matters.

## BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allston, Margaret. Her Boston Experiences. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Atwood's Pictures. Life Publishing Co.
Baring-Gould, S. Winefred: A Story of the Chalk Cliffs. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Barrett, Frank. Breaking the Shackles. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Becke, Louis. Edward Barry: South Sea Pearler. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Bierbower, Austin. How to Succeed. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.25.
Blake, M. M. The Glory and Sorrow of Norwich. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Brown, Abbie Farwell. The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.
Bullock, C. J. Essays on the Monetary History of the United States. (The Citizen's Library.) Macmillan. $1.25.
Cambridge, Ada. Path and Goal. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Carrel, Frederic. The Progress of Pauline Kessler. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Cassell's National Library: (1) Pope, Alexander. Earlier Poems; (2) Milton, John. Paradise Regained; (3) Shelley, P. B. Prometheus Unbound. Cassell & Co. 10 cents each.
Champneys, Basil. Memoirs and Correspondence of Coventry Patmore. 2 vols. London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan. 32 shillings.
Clement, Clara Erskine. Heroines of the Bible in Art. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $2.
Clouston, J. S. The Duke. Longmans, Green, & Co. $1.25.
Cobb, Thomas. The Dissemblers. John Lane. $1.50.
Conyngton, Thomas. The Organization and Management of a Business Corporation. Ronald Press.
Crawford, F. Marion. The Rulers of the South. 2 vols. Macmillan. $6.
Crowninshield, Mrs. Schuyler. The Archbishop and the Lady. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
D'Annunzio, Gabriele. The Flame of Life. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Demarest, A. J., and Van Sickle, W. M. New Education Readers. Book I. American Book Co. 35 cents.
De Roo, P. History of America before Columbus. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $6.
Dole, Nathan Haskell. The Works of Count Lyof N. Tolstoi. 12 vols. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $12.
Dreiser, Theodore. Sister Carrie. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Earle, Alice M. Stage-Coach and Tavern Days. Macmillan. $2.50.
Earle, Mary Tracy. Through Old Rose Glasses, and Other Stories. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Ferguson, Charles. The Religion of Democracy. San Francisco: D. P. Elder & Morgan Shepard. 50 cents.
Half Portions. Life Publishing Co.
Hall, Gertrude. April's Sowing. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Hardy, A. S. Songs of Two. Scribners. $1.
James, Henry, jr. Daisy Miller. New ed. Harpers. $1.25.
Jenks, Tudor. The Boys' Book of Explorations. Doubleday, Page & Co., $2.
Langworthy, Ferrier. Slaves of Chance. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Lea, Henri-Charles. Histoire de l'Inquisition. Paris: Société Nouvelle de Librairie et d'Edition. 3 francs 50c.
Mackie, Pauline Bradford. A Georgian Actress. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
MacManus, Seumas. Donegal Fairy Stories. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.
Paget, R. L. Cap and Gown in Prose. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.25.
Pitman's 20th Century Business Dictation Book. Isaac Pitman & Sons. 75 cents.
Pool, Maria Louise. Chums. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.00.
Richmond, Wilfrid. An Essay on Personality as a Philosophical Principle. London: Edward Arnold. 10s. 6d.
Roberts, Morley. Lord Linlithgow. Harpers. $1.50.
Roberts, Harry. The Chronicle of a Cornish Garden. John Lane. $1.50.
Robertson, J. M. Shaftesbury's Characteristics. New ed. 2 vols. E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.50.
Robinson, Edith. A Little Puritan's First Christmas. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 50 cents.
Rosebery, Lord. Napoleon: The Last Phase. Harpers.
Rossetti, Dante Gabriel. Poems. London: Ellis & Elvey.
Russell, W. Clark. The Cruise of the Pretty Polly. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50.
Schlüter, Robert. Schopenhauer's Philosophie in seinen Briefen. Leipzig: Johann Ambrosius Barth. 3 marks.
Scott, D. H. Studies in Fossil Botany. London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: Macmillan. $2.75.
Shutter, M. D. Applied Evolution. Boston: Eugene F. Endicott.
Stuart, Florence. "Punchinello." Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $1.50.
Taylor, Thomas. Student's Hand-Book of Mushrooms of America, No. 1. Washington: A. R. Taylor. 50 cents.
The Day's Work Series: (1) Mead, Lucia A., Making the Most of Social Opportunities; (2) Stanley, A. P., Our Common Christianity; (3) Abbott, Lyman, Why Go to Church? (4) Emerson, R. W., Self-Reliance; (5) McKenzie, Alexander, Now; (6) Washington, B. T., Sowing and Reaping; (7) Bierbower, Austin, On the Training of Lovers; (8) Love, W. E. Graven on the Tables; (9) Bok, Edward, The Young Man in Business. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 35 cents each.
Von Hutten, Baroness, "Marr'd in Making." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25.
Watson, John. The Doctrines of Grace. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Weeden, Howard. Songs of the Old South. Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.
Westcott, E. N. David Harum. New ed. D. Appleton & Co. $2.
White Hervey. Quicksand. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Wilkinson, W. C. Foreign Classics in English. 6 vols.: (1) Greek, Preparatory; (2) Latin, Preparatory; (3) Greek, College; (4) Latin, College; (5) French; (6) German. Funk & Wagnalls Co. $1 each.
Yonge, Charlotte M. The Making of a Missionary. Thomas Whittaker. $1.

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